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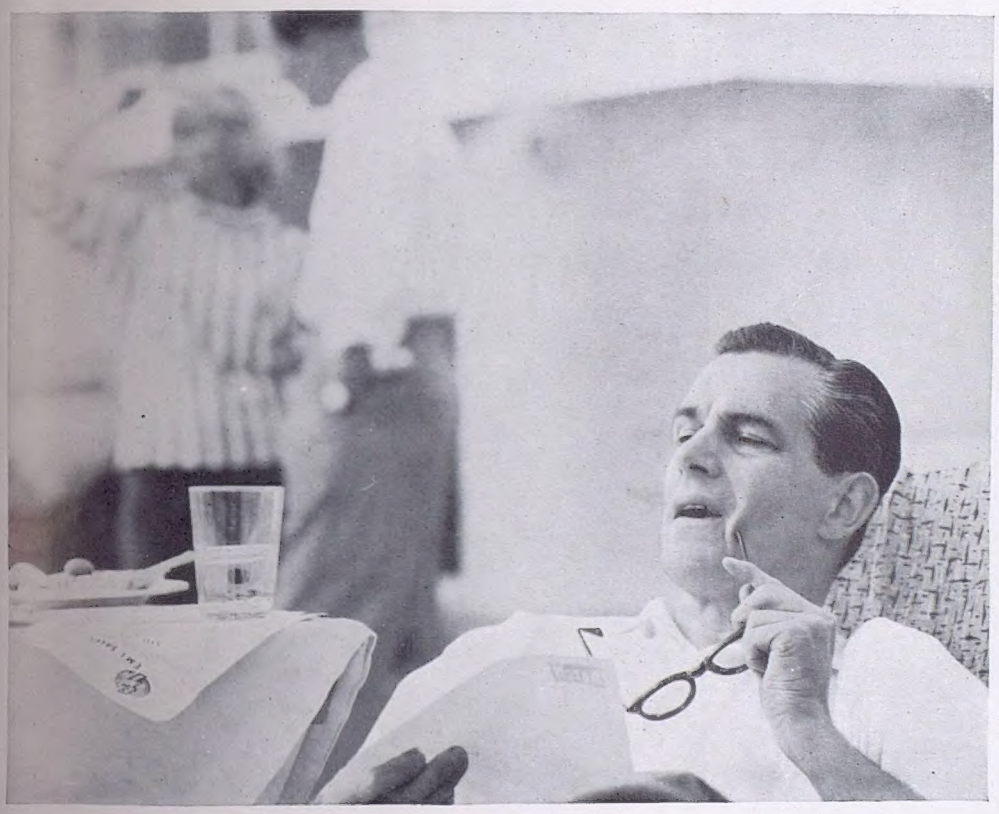
ILFORD COLOUR

Long Vacation to the sun . . .

Archibald Stanley, barrister, gazed gloomily out of the window of his Chambers. Still five weeks of Term to run. Piles of papers spread round him like a nightmare knotted with red tapes. He must get *away* for the Long Vacation—right away, somewhere he'd find the sun and have a bit of peace . . . A week later he was dining with Sir Timothy, his uncle—amazing how one's relations asked one to dinner and wanted free advice. Sir Timothy was worried about his daughter Christine in Durban—some business about property in her name in England. Sir Timothy said, "Archie, you never seem to be in Chambers when I ring you, can't have much to do, why don't you go out there and see if you can sort it all out for her?" It was a good idea. The Long Vacation was eight weeks—it would only take six to get to Cape Town and back, by sea, allowing two weeks ashore in South Africa . . . and generous Uncle Timothy could no doubt be persuaded to foot half the bill . . . at least!

A few weeks later Archibald Stanley was on board the 'Stirling Castle' outward bound for Cape Town. Luxury suited him down to the deck. Long days of sunshine, time to think coherently, fine Union-Castle service, fine Union-Castle food, an afternoon in Madeira, and weeks of utter freedom from solicitors, stiff collars and striped trousers.

He leant over the rails watching the ship dock at Cape Town. Table Mountain, laid with a cloth of cloud. Once ashore he hired a car and motored the first stage of his way towards Durban and Christine, going via the Garden Route to George, to Knysna and the Wilderness. At Port Elizabeth he caught a plane to Durban. Christine and Jan met him and they motored out to their white-pillared home, flaming with bouganvillea. Christine was happy in South Africa, and she was going to have a baby. Archibald disentangled her legal worry, and promised to look after the English end of the thing when he got home.



He stayed with his cousins for nearly a week, and then flew to Cape Town to the Mount Nelson Hotel. On board again he shared his table with a very pretty South African girl on a visit to England.

There were more piles of papers waiting for him in Chambers in London, but he felt ready to cope with anything now.

He dined with Uncle Timothy again, and told him all Christine's news and how much good the trip had done him. He made a clever joke about 'Mare Nostrum', which his Uncle had to have explained. He also had to have the South African girl explained, and brought round, before he would approve of Archie getting engaged.

By going and coming back on the dates he chose, Archibald Stanley came in for the Quick Trip Reduction in Union-Castle First Class fares. And, of course, there was no charge for the extra 'baggage' he brought back with him from South Africa. That was Sir Timothy's turn to make a joke!

the going's good by

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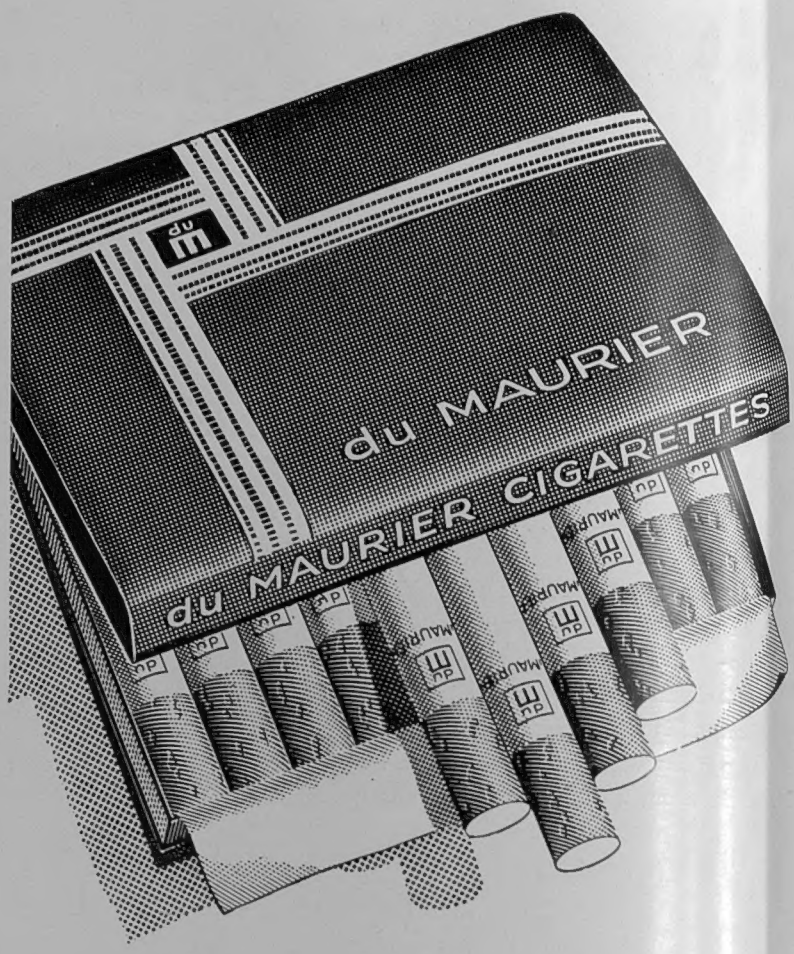

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ALSO PLAIN TIP IN THE BLUE BOX

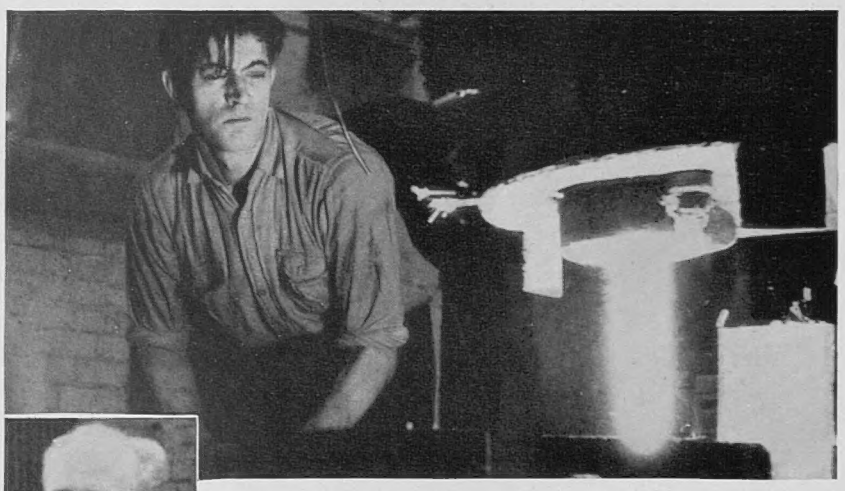
These five men have got you the facts about Steel

Over the past two years, well-known journalists have been invited to give personal reports on the Steel Industry. Here are some extracts from their findings, as presented to you at the time in the Press.

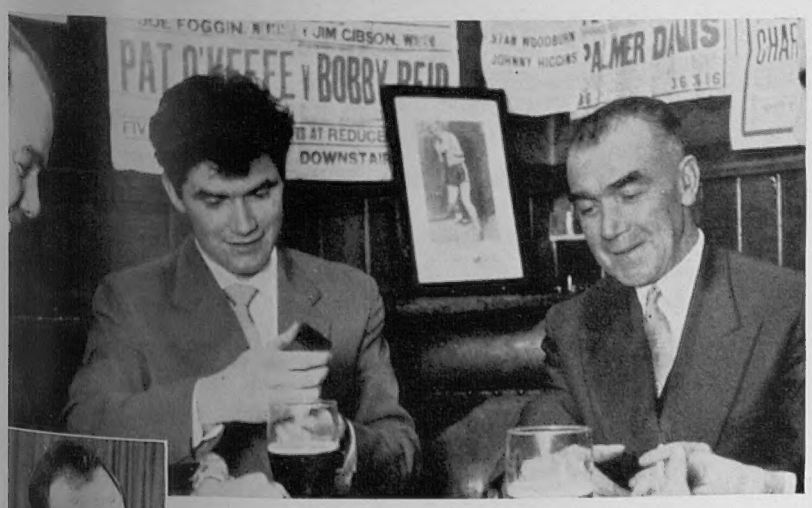
Graham Hutton (*Author and Economist*): "Britain's Steel Industry is abreast, if not ahead, of those of America and Germany. Its relations with workpeople, customers and suppliers are excellent. It has made ambitious plans and is swiftly fulfilling them."

Lionel Davidson (*of "John Bull"*): "The good pay . . . and the sheer fascination of brewing up new steels has kept the job alive for Sheffield men for 300 years. . . Constantly facing – and solving – new problems, there seems no reason why it should not go on for another 300."

F. H. Happold (*Industrial Journalist*): "Britain needs the accumulated wisdom and diverse abilities of every one of her three hundred and more steel companies . . . One firm alone may make over 500 different kinds of steel."



J. Stubbs Walker (*Scientific Journalist*): "Each customer is an individual, even though his regular order is for only half-a-hundredweight of 'difficult' metal twice a year."



Trevor Philpott (*Sunday Times Correspondent*) wrote of a steel town as having "a security and warmth that many a spa and show-place will never have".

What does their verdict add up to? Just this: Steel is a well-run industry which is serving you well

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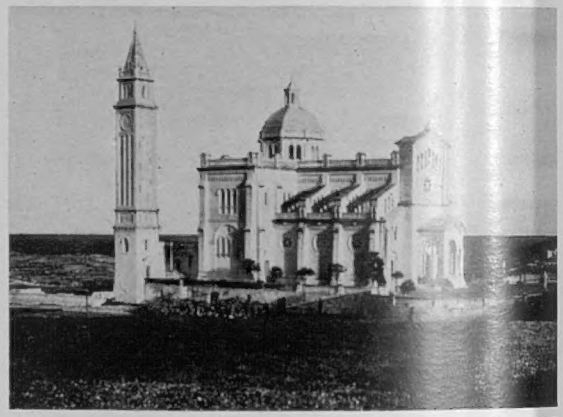

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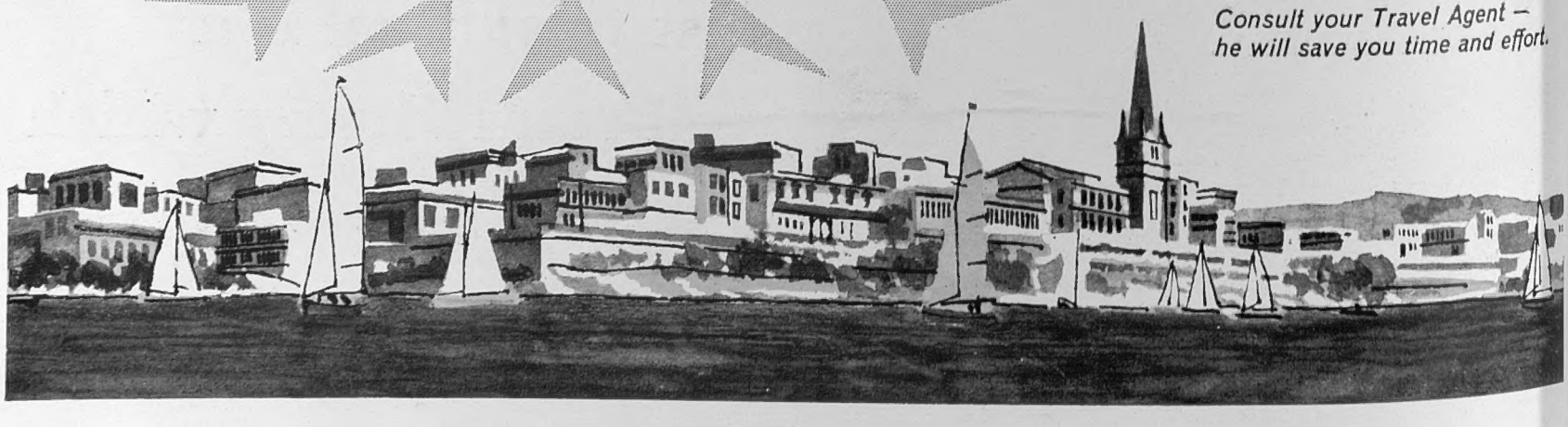

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The SPHERE, London, September 5, 1959

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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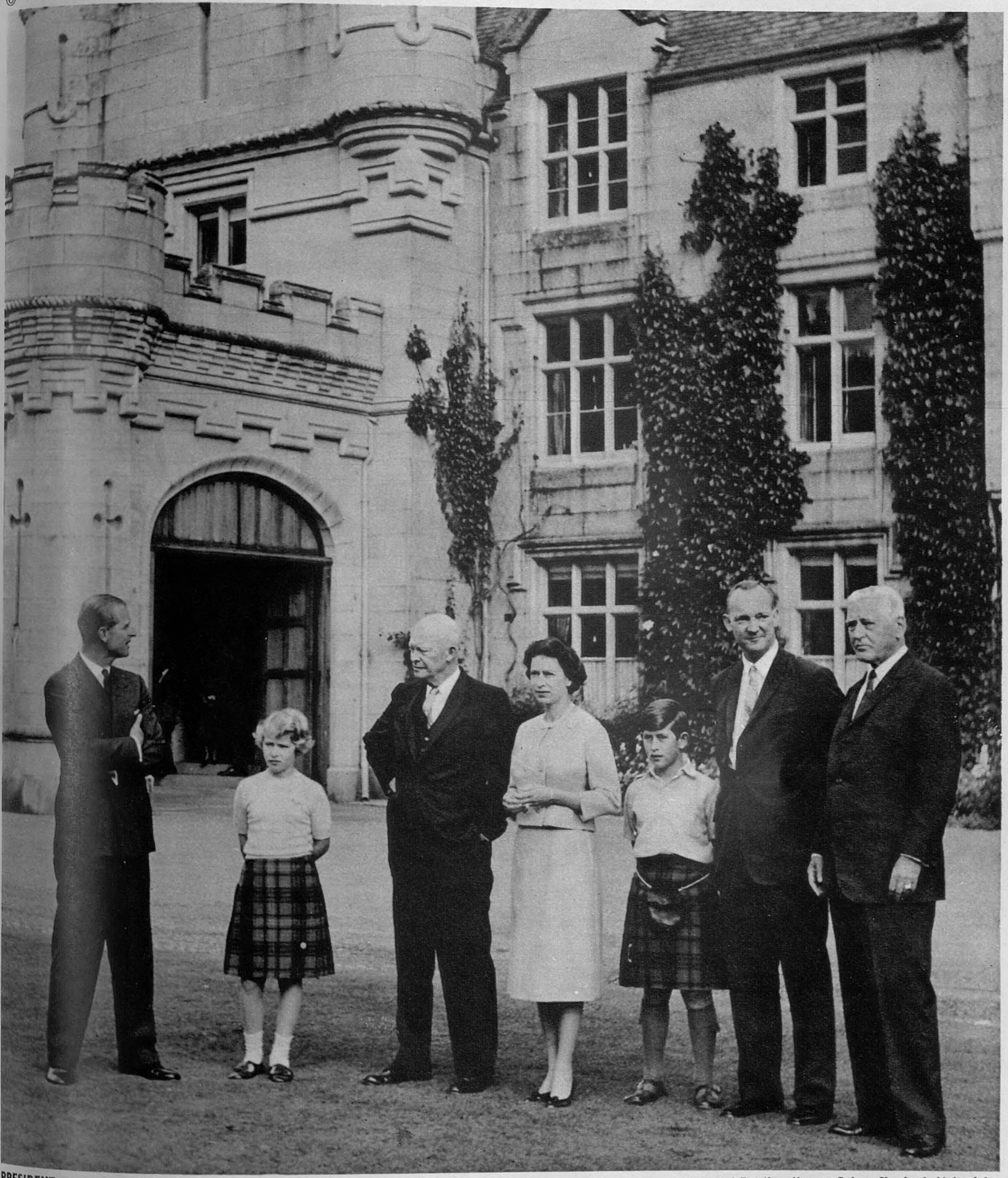

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S VISIT—THE GUEST OF THE QUEEN AT BALMORAL: Mr. Eisenhower poses with members of the Royal Family. Next to Prince Charles is Major John Eisenhower, the President's son, and, extreme right, Major-General Howard Snyder, his personal physician. During the day at Balmoral, Mr. Eisenhower joined the Royal Family at a picnic tea outside a summer house on the shore of Loch Muick. The spot has been popular for picnics with the Royal Family since the days of Queen Victoria.

After spending a day at Balmoral, President Eisenhower (the first United States President to set foot on Scottish soil) flew to Chequers to have two days of informal talks with Mr. Macmillan. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and Mr. Herter, the two Foreign Ministers, reported on the exploratory study of disarmament and nuclear tests. Later they also discussed the defence of the free world and the question of nuclear tests in the context of the Geneva Conference which had again gone into recess. Lord Plowden, Chairman of the Atomic Energy Authority, was present. Talks on foreign policy covered the problems caused in the world by Soviet and Communist movements, specifically Berlin. Events in Laos also came under consideration. It was reported that the need to strengthen NATO by both Britain and the U.S. was discussed. The President referred to his visit to Dr. Adenauer in Bonn, where the reception, tone and atmosphere were said to be very good. As the talks between Mr. Eisenhower and the Prime Minister were informal, little information about them was released. Last Monday the two leaders appeared together on television. (Further pictures of the President's visit are on pages 158-162).

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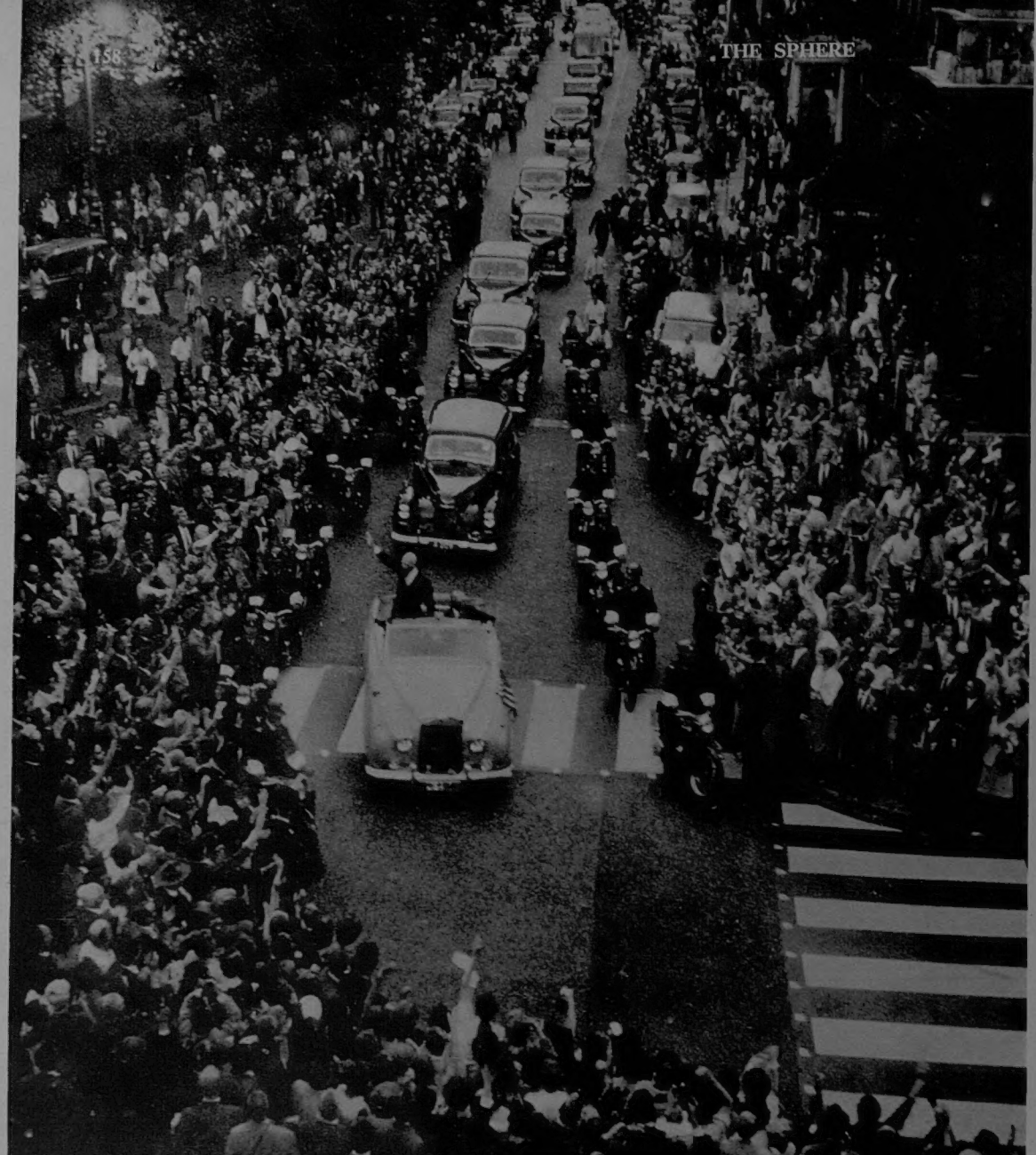


LONDON GREETS THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT: Mr. Eisenhower, standing in the back of the grey Rolls-Royce at the head of the procession of motor-cars, waves to the crowd lining the street in Grosvenor Square. Beside him sits Mr. Harold Macmillan. Mr. Eisenhower arrived in London from his talks with Dr. Adenauer on Thursday evening of last week.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

The President's Putter—We have all watched the progress of the President's European tour with sympathy, anxiety and admiration. Public men to-day do not spare themselves, and the tasks of the chief world-statesmen, once assumed, must tax the physical reserves of the strongest. The President well knew what his noble decision involved for him, and I think admiration and gratitude have been the first manifestations of all the crowds he has met. He knew that he could not please everybody, that every word he spoke, every gesture made, would be weighed and differently interpreted. His health and his life have been meticulously guarded so far as possible by his medical advisers and by V-shaped shields of motor police and countless plain clothes detectives among the crowds. But, above all, his own will and sense of duty, wisdom and calmness of mind, are the vital elements in the carrying out of his assignment in Europe, a unique, historic and " record " undertaking from which more signal results have been vaguely hoped for than expected. If the hopes prove no dupes, History will never forget his decision and may call it a turning point in world history no less valid than the Armada, Trafalgar or Waterloo. And, if hopes fall far short of achievement, Mr. Eisenhower will still be acclaimed for duty bravely done and a glorious attempt in the face of physical disability. Nothing in his life—and he has much in it for admiration—has become him more than this venture which in the circumstances of his Presidency and the state of his health, he might have declined with justification and with honour. For, to use a simile which he would appreciate, he is asked to putt on the trickiest green ever faced by a diplomatic golfer, and if he holes in par, let alone achieves a " birdie," the President's putter will be as superbly wielded as gloriously won.

"From the Cradle to the Grave"—The Austin-Morris people's cars have arrived after years of planning and faith by the makers which are wholly admirable. Now " every artisan " can become an owner-driver, as in America, and use the roads at a penny a mile, the purchase price all-in being under £500, presumably on easy terms. Applaud the initiative which may cut out

foreign competition in baby-cars. But trembl consequences. It is always dangerous when little nations ape the big and the rich. America is a vast its road systems far in advance of ours and its roa ties no less so. Our programme of road-building five years to cope with a normal increase in road u new cars will make that increase abnormal. Ev a-car-owner will take his place in the queue, for v recreation, queue up for the sea and the open bankrupt his already declining railways and road and rise an hour earlier to reach his place of bus time and find no place to park. The moral fable is the story of Britain to-day. The more you h less it gets you. We are cossetted from the cradl grave, and every voice raised in Government and compels us to believe that our present prosperit a foretaste of prosperity round the corner. I productivity is the golden key which will open up But the key isn't cut yet and cossetting does not human initiative, responsibility and zeal on which tivity depends. Less admirable, then, I find the " and faith " of Labour's statement on health. Th we have, they say, is a reluctant token-paymen Tories. It is not tightening-up in certain accepte nesses that is required. It is a root and branch tion in every department which can be achieve extra cost of a mere £100,000,000 a year. Proc can pay for it or else the taxpayer, easily enoug employer of labour is getting labour too cheaply optimism may be justified in efforts to sell a car; admirable in an effort to buy a vote. Such o employed to gain either end may have quite soo quences whose dangers we cannot measure. A cossetted from the cradle to the grave is a nation o ill-equipped to meet dangers unforeseen or in recessions, and a population with standing-roo cannot expect ample space in which to develop and themselves individually.

Previous Convictions—Conscience a viction alike are apt to grow elastic on the eve of a Election, and on any proof or suspicion that con are being adjusted to electoral strategy, the other quick to publish and exploit any such adjustment. when the National Union of General and M Workers last June opposed Mr. Gaitskell's nuclea promise and stood out boldly and alone for the of nuclear weapons in Britain, come what migh others, it received praise from all sides for its co not for its wisdom. But when in August, impa oratory persuaded the Union that in view of the e cracks in Labour's front must be plastered over, the adapted its conscience to electoral requirements. hailed this surrender as a good thing and saw the P Party advancing to battle with closed ranks. No Tories. They saw in it the bursting of the bubbl that Socialism is the truly democratic party wh courages honest views and only desires that electors be free to know and contribute to the party's dem ally thrashed-out policy on nuclear and other vital pro

AT THE U.S. AMBASSADOR'S HOME: After the drive from London Airport Mr. Eisenhower stands between the Prime Mi and Mrs. Whitney, the wife of the American Ambassador, Mr. John Hay Whitney, who is on the right. The resi is Winfield House, in Regent's Park. The President stayed there overnight before flying to Balmoral to visit the Q

A "right judgment" on nuclear policy for Britain is as hard to attain for Tories as for Socialists. To form a judgment and stick to it is better than nothing. A paste-pot is, the Tories say, a frail adhesive.

Epstein—Epstein died in the middle of one of the many controversies which, most of his life, raged round his work, and from what we know of his character it is doubtful if such criticism hastened his death. He was strong in character as in technique, and undoubtedly was one of the greatest of modern sculptors. Certainly he was not "classic," but the alternative "romantic" hardly fitted his religious subjects. It was on these last, chiefly, that controversy raged, and where religion enters into art criticism, that criticism is weakened or suspect. If Epstein were judged only on his portrait bronzes, notably Einstein and Conrad and that lovely child's head, his greatness as a romantic and a realist would be almost universally acclaimed, and his vitality the admiration of all. We may presume that his own views on religion shaped the stark-ness, the gloomy strength, the sense of suffering, in his religious subjects, and though most of us are terrified of condemning in art what is called "modern," and fear to be condemned as traditionalists and admirers of the pretty-pretty, there are excuses for those who, acknowledging the strength and sincerity of his religious subjects, strongly disputed their fitness to harmonise with ancient architecture designed to the glory of God as conceived in past centuries. One can condemn no lover of an old abbey who found some such subject "ugly," shocking or lacking in reverence. The man looked like his work in stone, rugged, fearless, remorselessly strong, and in my ignorance I saw in his works a similarity with Rodin's (who could more fairly be called a romantic) in their *economy* of treatment. Each seemed to me to carve only what was necessary for his purpose out of the natural block of stone, to turn the living rock into a representation of a human figure, to adapt nature to art and to leave the two to speak in unison. But I doubt if these tortured words of mine contribute anything to a right judgment of the art of this controversial man and his works.

Edinburgh Festival—The thirteenth renewal of Edinburgh's cultural stakes brought 100,000 people into the city and a quarter of a million visitors are expected during the three weeks. The churchmen during the opening ceremonies described the Festival as a joint effort by churchmen and artists to revive the truth that man does not live by bread alone; but the visitors are expected to bring about £2,500,000 into Edinburgh for value received. The directors of the Festival promised many surprises and great variety, and admitted one or two quarrels so common among temperamental international artists. Sir Compton Mackenzie took the view that there was still too much Puritanism in the Festival; the stress too much, I presume, on John Knox and too little on the word Festival. He thought that the visitors were compelled to look too solemn; but most of us look rather anxious when we are among the highbrows, fearful lest we should be branded as Philistines. Still, there is plenty of variety to suit all tastes and plenty of opportunity for laughter and light-heartedness in that lovely city whenever the sun shines fair and neither searching winds nor damp reek drift in from the Firth.

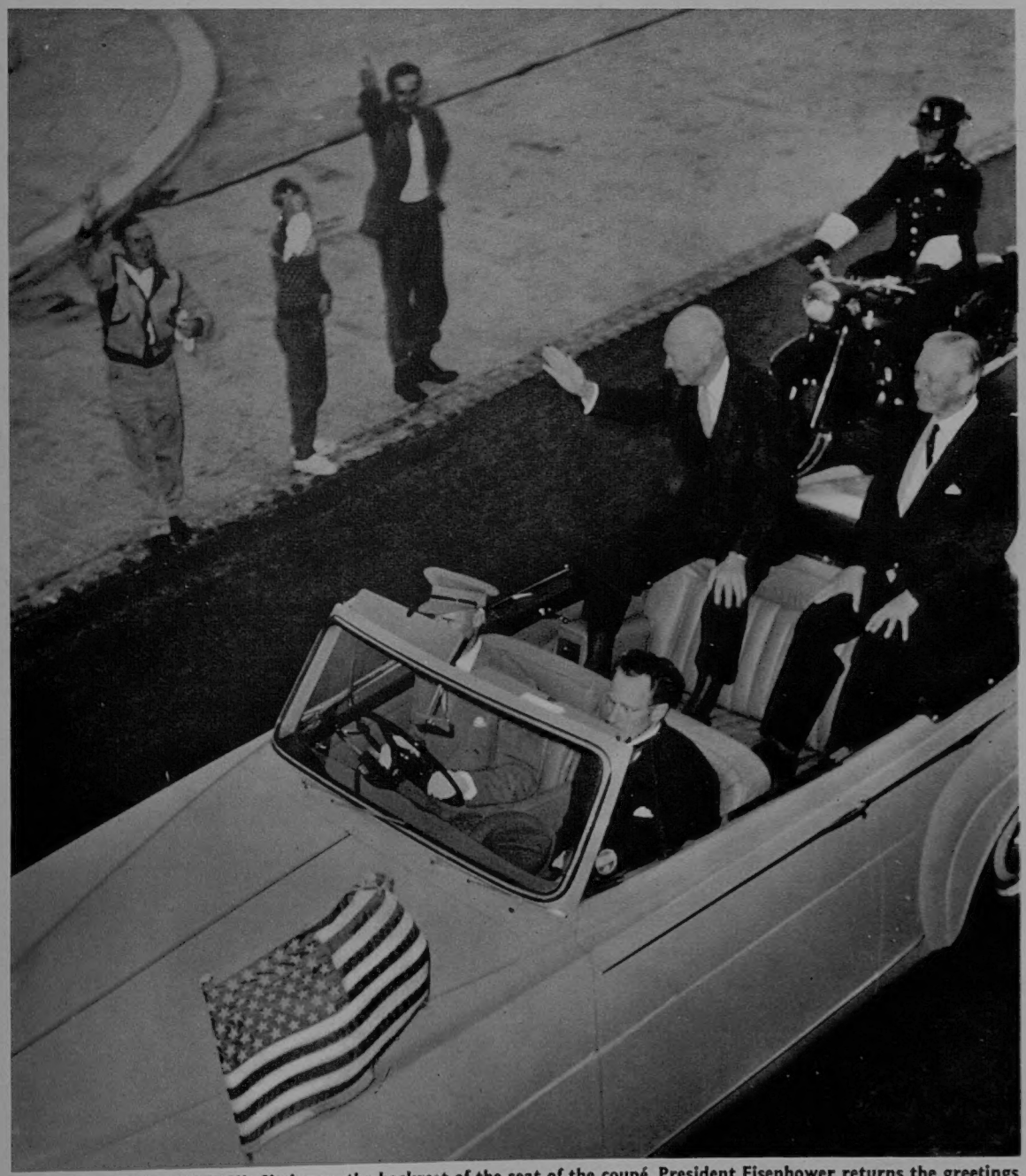
A Word for Mr. Hansell—Sir Shane Leslie last week defended his old tutor, Henry Hansell, who was at Ludgrove School and very popular with the boys before he was chosen as tutor and bear-leader of King George V's sons. The trend of modern Royal biography, Sir Shane said, has set against Hansell. I listen to say that *I* did not initiate that trend. My references to him were colourless and quite unbiassed. Even then, I realised, how arid and stony a row he was given to hoe. If any proof were needed of the wisdom of educating future kings and young princes like other little boys, as now Prince Charles is being educated, it is the tragic story of Hansell's sombre assignment. A Royal Court is an utterly hopeless environment, sapping the energy, initiative and even sense of humour of the tutor and dissipating such keenness to learn as Royal pupils might possess. And every photograph of Hansell with his charges tells the story of his decline as he grew sadder, more bored, more self-conscious and more aware of inevitable failure. At a private school, he was gay, inspiring, his wit and humour a joy to his boys. He could grown with them and for them, and he was trusted by the parents. But in a court environment, protocol strangled him, and one by one his gifts as a teacher departed. And so it was with all the tutors appointed for Royal heirs since the 1840's. They stiffened, they lost any enthusiasm they once had; they and their pupils shared soon enough the devastating boredom and frustration. And when the programme of education allowed the princes to leave the palaces, the tutor went with them. The atmosphere turned some of the tutors into martinets and drill-sergeants, and others, like Dalton, into prosiness. A word for Mr. Hansell and a word to the wise.

State of Prisons—The Prison Commissioners' Report issued last week is as depressing as it can be. Again, the number of male prisoners has increased and there are now 26,000. It is the same with women and juveniles, all-round increases. The prisons are antiquated, the staffs undermanned and hard-pressed and a quarter of the male prisoners are living three to a cell. Small wonder that escapes and incidents have greatly increased also. It will be at least six years before the Government's prison build-ing programme is finished, and by that time who knows if our criminal population in gaol will be correspondingly increased. At the moment, it looks as if it would hand-somely keep pace with the building programme, and the only patchwork expedients in contemplation are increased salaries for prison staffs and various inquiries into the proper treatment of prisoners and crime. There are those, perhaps not among the experts, who wonder whether sentiment and "humanitarianism" in the treatment of crimes by old and young has not greatly encouraged crime and so filled to bursting-point the prisons. Certainly, to stuff those who are caught three in a cell is not the right way of punishing or deterring criminals. That merely induces more forms of crime and vice. The vicious circle is clear to see, and it seems to me that the "feather-bedding" of the criminal at every stage until he is caught and incarcerated is best proved to have been carried to absurd lengths by the attitude of suspected persons, criminals and their friends towards the police. A police-man to-day hardly dares to lay a firm hand on a suspect resisting arrest. We read of barefaced robberies under arms almost every day and we wonder whether the criminal population can expect to be handled with kid gloves while they are relieved of their guns and other weapons.

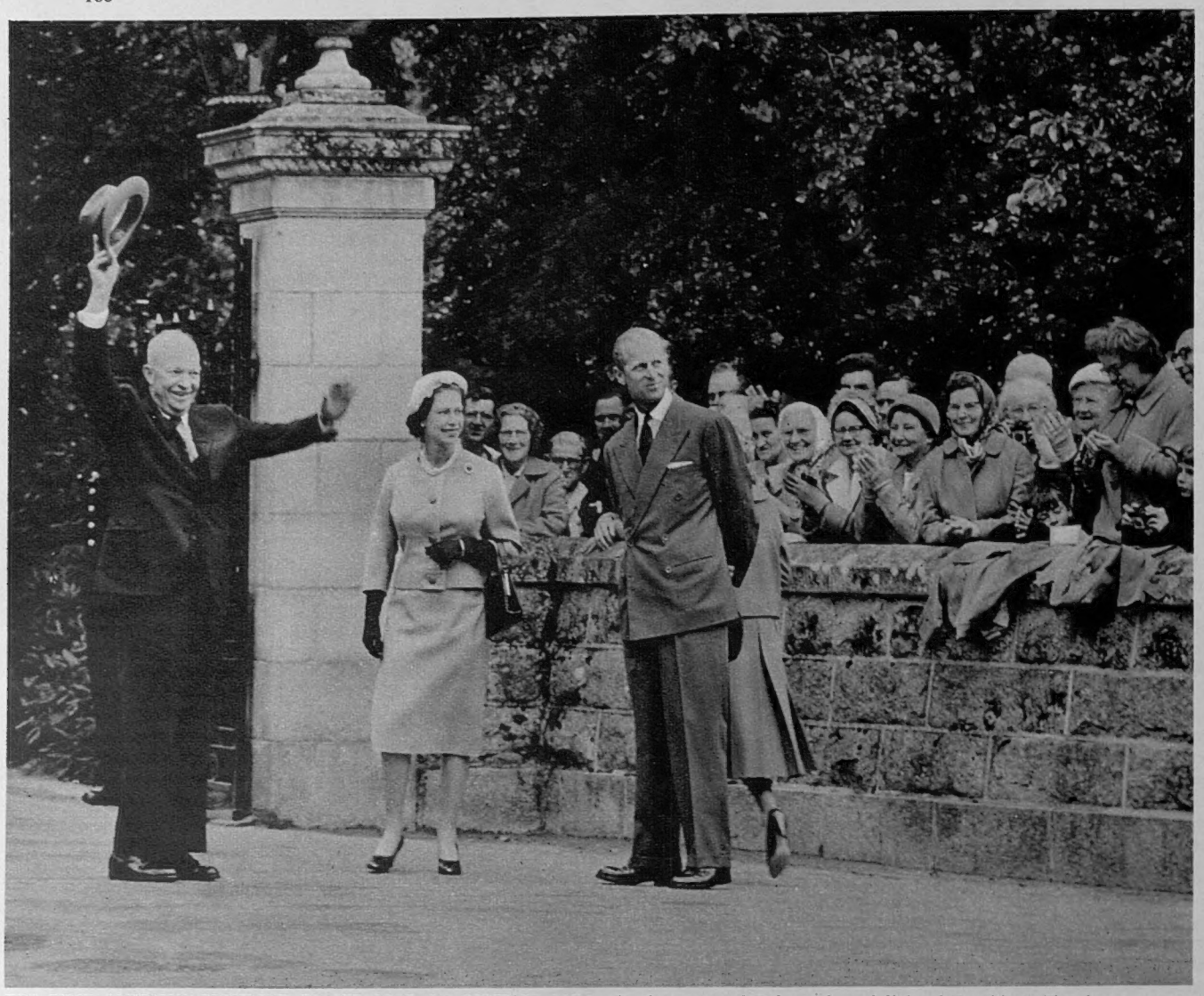
A Pound of Tea—The House of Fraser (Glasgow) have won the long-drawn-out tussle for control of Harrods. So keen has been the fighting that the prize can hardly be regarded as a battle of scientists to gain control of the bones of a prehistoric mammoth. On the contrary, the battle has been waged to secure a gem of purest ray serene in financiers' eyes, and one which has long dazzled Knights-bridge and the world. A mammoth, yes. Prehistoric, no. Or I am myself a prehistoric animal. For unless my memory is utterly faulty, in 1890 I used to accompany my mother down the Brompton Road from the newly-rising houses in Egerton Gardens (which I can even remember as a market garden protected with posts and chains) to a little shop just west of the site of Harrods on the south side of the Brompton Road, to buy our tea; and behind the dim counter sat a talkative old man in spectacles who served us very respectfully and had plenty of time for a little local gossip and a quip or two with a very small boy. This was Harrods, and whether the old man was Mr. Harrod or his faithful henchman I do not know. But I do know that his spectacled vision never reached so far and so high as to dream of Mr. Fraser's importunate millions poured out to secure control of his dingy little shop. All in my lifetime. What a growth, with all the romance and improbability of Jack and the beanstalk and Jack-the-giant-killer. I have lived in a progressive era.

Runaway Tests—The cricket Test series is over and the cricket season drew to an end in a cloudburst while the football season opened in temperatures well into the eighties. For county and village cricket it was a very satisfactory summer—a summer to dream of. The Tests were hopelessly one-sided, for, keen and promising as the Indians are, they are not the equal to-day of a leading county side and they provided a good case for "seeding" even among Test teams. There are all too many Test matches and they waste valuable days. The Indians were always struggling and as a result over-anxious, and too often they averaged about 20 runs an hour and once or twice on easy wickets the hundred went up at tea-time! Not that we should cast stones. We did the same sort of stone-walling in Australia not so long ago. However, the public, lured by the sunshine, supported the game very well and cheerfully and the finances of all cricket clubs should show a welcome revival. If my name were Wisden, I should be happy to pick Dexter for the honour of being one of the "big five" of the cricket season, a very notable all-rounder. (No doubt M. K. Smith would be another.) Dexter was a Radley boy and Radley has produced very few first-class cricketers. Bathurst, Hornby and Webb, if my memory serves, were among the best, and Dexter surpasses them. His achievements would have delighted A. C. M. Croome, who for so long taught and encouraged Radley cricket, and golf also. For I believe Dexter might have become a crack golfer. But perhaps to become a Wisden-seeded player is heady and dangerous and should not be encouraged. For sports and games receive all too much adulation and prominence to-day and only the strongest heads can remain steady when sporting aces are acclaimed as national heroes.

THE OLD STAGER



THE DRIVE THROUGH LONDON: Sitting on the backrest of the seat of the coupé, President Eisenhower returns the greetings of the spectators. More than 500,000 people lined the 16½-mile route from London Airport to give the President a tumultuous reception. Barriers in some places were broken as the crowd surged forward, delaying the procession.



THE FIRST AMERICAN PRESIDENT TO SET FOOT ON SCOTTISH SOIL: At the gates of Balmoral, a delighted President Eisenhower waves to the crowd of some 2,000 who lined the approach road to the castle. He was met at Aberdeen airport by Prince Philip, who had motored 50 miles to greet him. The Queen, with Princess Margaret, went to the gates of her Highland home to meet Mr. Eisenhower.

BALMORAL AND CHEQUERS

President Eisenhower's Round of Visits

President Eisenhower's visit to Brit was marked by a reciprocal enth siasm—he was warmly greeted crowds along his route and he obviously delighted by his recepti Relaxed and informal at Balmoral, American President spent a day lunch with members of the Royal Fam and having a picnic tea on the shor Loch Muick. The Queen drove Eisenhower to Birkhall, where th were entertained by the Queen Mot In the evening Her Majesty gave private dinner at Balmoral Castle the Queen Mother drove over to the party. The American Presid had flown from London Airport Aberdeen in an R.A.F. Comet. He met at the airfield by the Duke Edinburgh.

After spending the night at Balmor Mr. Eisenhower flew to Benson airp in Oxfordshire, from which he and M Macmillan drove in a dove-grey Rol Royce through the countryside Chequers. The round of informal t at the Prime Minister's country reside was broken by a visit on Sund morning to attend morning service the parish church at Ellesborough. the afternoon the leaders drove Oxford to visit Magdalen College Christ Church. After his visit Chequers, Mr. Eisenhower returned London, where at a dinner party No. 10, Downing Street, he met Winston Churchill, Sir Anthony E and Lord Attlee.

INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR AT BALMORAL CASTLE: Shortly after his arrival at the castle to spend a day with the Royal Family Mr. Eisenhower, with the Queen, inspects the guard of honour mounted by The Royal Highland Fusiliers. The men carried the new Belgian F.N. automatic rifle, which recently replaced the Lee-Enfield .303. President Eisenhower took with him gifts for Her Majesty, Prince Philip and the Royal children. At luncheon the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and their children were present

SMILING GROUP AT BALMORAL: President Eisenhower beams at Princess Anne as he poses with the Royal Family for photographers in the grounds of the castle. Behind Princess Anne is Major John Eisenhower, the President's son, and, extreme right, Major-General Snyder, Mr. Eisenhower's physician. The day was marked by a friendly and relaxed informality.

ON THE WAY TO CHEQUERS: Outside a public house in Bledlow, in Buckinghamshire, crowds wave to President Eisenhower as, accompanied by Mr. Macmillan, he is driven to Chequers from Benson airport, in Oxfordshire. He flew there after his visit to Balmoral Castle.

A WALK IN THE GROUNDS: The two leaders stroll on the lawn at the Prime Minister's country residence. They found opportunities for private discussions as well as talks with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and Mr. Herter. On Sunday they attended morning service.

ON TELEVISION

The Informal Broadcast of President Eisenhower and Mr. Macmillan

APPEARING BEFORE THE NATION : President Eisenhower listens to Mr. Macmillan make a point in their twenty-minute informal appearance on television last Monday. The two leaders are seen in a drawing-room at No. 10 Downing Street. Although intended as a joint communiqué on the informal discussions between the President and the Prime Minister, little information was released and the conversation was restricted to general terms. It revealed the accord that existed between them, but there was no mention of the situation in Laos, or France, or proposals restricting nuclear armaments. Perhaps the core of the conversation was when President Eisenhower made it clear that he was still not prepared to agree to a summit meeting which did not have a clear hope of some achievement. The decision to stand firm on the problem of Berlin was reiterated and the need to help underdeveloped countries was emphasised.

PREPARING FOR THE TELEVISION BROADCAST : Television cameramen and officials prepare for the transmission of the informal discussion between Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Macmillan. By means of the Eurovision link, the broadcast was seen over much of Europe. Afterwards the two leaders joined the guests at a dinner party at Number 10. Tributes were paid to President Eisenhower by the three former Prime Ministers who were present—Sir Winston Churchill, Lord Attlee, and Sir Anthony Eden.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT ON TOUR IN NORTH AFRICA: General de Gaulle stands at a window in the Town Hall in Saïda, in Algeria, and acknowledges the cheers from the crowd below after he had made a speech. During his brief visit to Algeria last week he covered considerable distances by helicopter. At an outpost near Bordjbou-Arréridj, he told officers "we must pursue and complete the pacification. Then a new life will open out and then Algerians will freely decide their future." At many military posts, President de Gaulle listened to reports on the local situation and asked for information. In Renault, near Orléansville, he told a huge gathering of civilians that he had confidence in the future which would be achieved "together in fraternity." (See also p. 165.)

A MULTI-RACIAL WELCOME: Muslims join Europeans in greeting President de Gaulle in Saïda. In Paris, where he returned last Sunday, it was generally considered that his tour of Algeria had achieved a twofold purpose. He had put new heart into the French Army, estimated to number 500,000, which is fighting the Nationalists. He also gave the civil population hopes of peace in the near future.

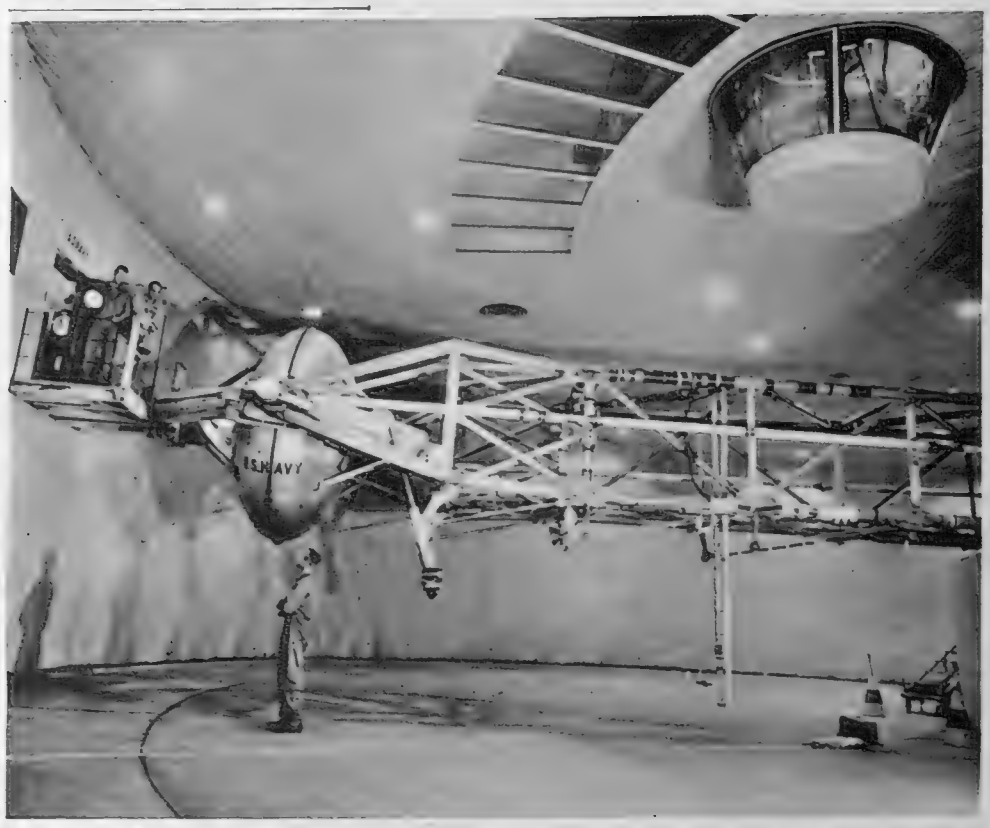
On left—

A VISITOR FOR MR. EISENHOWER: Señor Castiella, the Spanish Foreign Minister, arrives at London Airport. He had come for talks with President Eisenhower during the latter's stay in Britain. Although Señor Castiella spoke of Spain's part in the defence of Europe, he denied his country was seeking to join NATO.

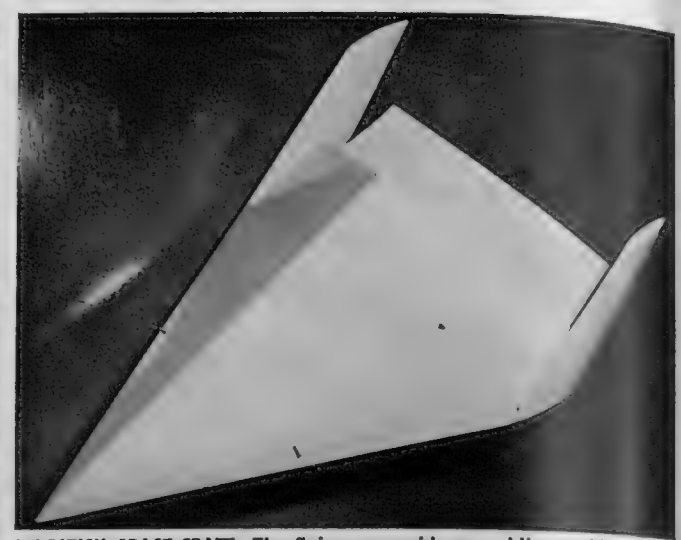
BRITISH LABOUR LEADERS LEAVE FOR MOSCOW: Preparing to set out from London Airport are, from the left, Mr. Bevan; Mrs. Healey; Mrs. Gaitskell; Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Denis Healey, M.P. They flew to Russia last Sunday (August 30) for a ten-day visit at the invitation of the Soviet Inter-Parliamentary Group. On arriving in Moscow, Mr. Gaitskell said it was his first visit to the Soviet Union and "a most exciting occasion." He had "not come to negotiate" but he hoped his visit would help towards the peace "so ardently desired by the British and Soviet peoples." Mr. Bevan stated that he and Mr. Gaitskell hoped to see Mr. Khrushchev.

THE BROTHER OF THE DALAI LAMA IN LONDON: Mr. Thubten Norbu emphasises a point at a Press conference in London last week. The Dalai Lama's brother, who fled from Tibet in 1951, is trying to mobilise sympathy for the 14,000 Tibetan refugees in India and its border states. The Dalai Lama himself was expected in Delhi last Wednesday. A few days earlier he announced he had decided to take the Tibetan issue to the U.N.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

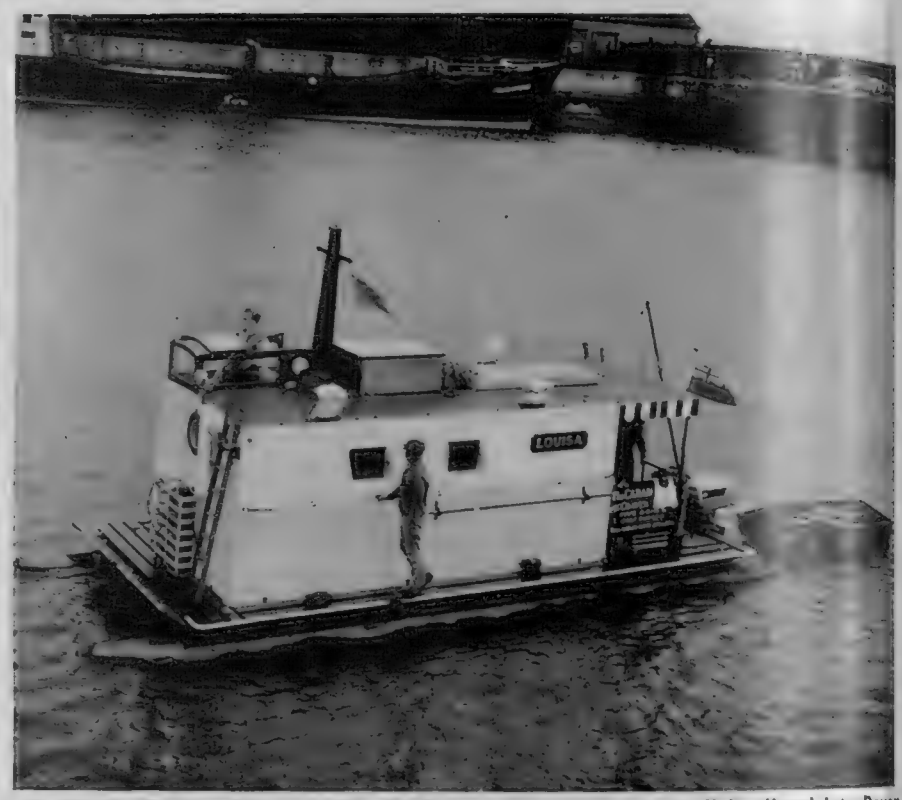


TRAINING FOR FLIGHT IN SPACE: On the entrance platform on the left are Captain L. R. Cooper, U.S. Air Force, and Lieut.-Commander A. B. Shepherd, and on the floor below Lieutenant M. S. Carpentier, U.S. Navy. Captain Cooper, one of the seven volunteers taking part in Project "Mercury"—the American plan to put a man into space—had just made a simulated space trip in the centrifuge apparatus. This included a take-off, an orbital flight and a return to earth. He sat in the oval capsule, marked U.S. Navy, which is spun at the end of the long arm. This simulates varying degrees of gravity forces in the capsule. The test took place in Philadelphia.



A BRITISH SPACE-CRAFT: The flying pyramid, resembling a child's paper dart, is the work of Mr. H. R. Watson, technical director of Sir W. G. Armstrong-Whitworth Aircraft. The projected man-carrying satellite was announced at the first Commonwealth Spaceflight Symposium which was held in London last week. The Symposium was a forerunner to the annual international space conference which opened in London last Monday. The flying pyramid, carrying two men, would initially be attached to the top of a 150-ton rocket. The rocket would be fired into orbit and when it burnt out the pyramid would be between 80 and 700 miles above the earth's surface, cruising at a speed of 18,000 miles an hour. By firing a 17-lb. rocket in the opposite direction to the line of flight the machine would be brought to within 65 miles of earth and some 35 minutes later would land at 80 m.p.h. This is the plan on which a small team are working as a private venture.

A FIRE IN BLACKWALL TUNNEL: Firemen pull a roll of smouldering newsprint from the lorry which caught fire in the London tunnel under the Thames during the height of the rush-hour on Friday morning of last week. Six fire engines and thirty firemen put the blaze out in half an hour. The block in the tunnel, however, caused serious traffic congestion. Thousands of people were late for work.



AN UNCONVENTIONAL CROSS-CHANNEL CRAFT: *Louisa*, the "Caramaran," is piloted into Dover Harbour. She had been sailed by her skipper, the Earl of Craven, and a crew of two, from Newhaven, in Sussex. It was understood that they would shortly make an attempt to cross the Channel in their vessel. *Louisa* consists of a cabin of plywood and hardboard built on top of twin booms made of oil drums. She is powered by a 50-h.p. outboard motor.

AN ELEPHANT RUNS AMOK IN CEYLON: Lying on the ground in Kandy is an elephant which was shot dead by police after running wild during a religious procession. *On right*—In a picture taken a few minutes earlier the crowd is scattering as the beast prepares to charge. The incident occurred during the Esala Perahera, an annual Buddhist festival, in a procession in which the elephant was taking part. It trod on a piece of burning coal from a brazier and, becoming infuriated, charged into the crowds lining the street. Fourteen people were killed, 125 seriously injured and thousands slightly injured.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

GENERAL DE GAULLE SETS OUT FOR ALGERIA: He walks to his aircraft at Orly airport, near Paris, to start his three-day visit to North Africa. It was understood that the French President would spend much of his time making helicopter trips to military units campaigning against the Algerian Nationalists. One of his first visits was to Saïda, a small town below the Atlas Mountains, 80 miles from Oran. In political circles in Paris it was believed General de Gaulle was formulating a new plan for Algeria but would not announce it until after President Eisenhower's visit to France this week.

A FRENCH WOMAN FLIES AT 1,345 MILES AN HOUR: Mme. Jacqueline Auriol, seen here at the aircraft testing ground at Istres, flew at approximately twice the speed of sound last week. Taking-off from Istres in a Mirage III, the French new interceptor, she attained 1,345 m.p.h. at a height of 37,000 ft. In test flights such as this, it is easier to reach high speeds than under the conditions laid down for claiming official records. Mme. Auriol, daughter-in-law of ex-President Auriol, is the holder of the official women's world speed record of 720 m.p.h. The world speed record for men is 1,404 m.p.h. by an American Starfighter.

On right—

NEW DRILL FOR THE QUEEN'S GUARD: At Chelsea Barracks, men of the 1st Battalion the Coldstream Guards practise the "present arms" drill movement with the new Belgian FN automatic rifle, the replacement for the Lee-Enfield .303. It was used for the first time by the Buckingham Palace Guard on September 1. New drill movements have been evolved.

AFTER THE FIFTH TEST MATCH: Enjoying a celebration at the end of the Test series at the Oval are, from left: S. P. Gupte; P. Roy (seated); R. Subba Row (seated); F. S. Trueman; R. Swetman; D. K. Gaekwad; R. Illingworth; M. C. Cowdrey; R. G. Nadkarni; N. S. Tamhane; A. G. Kripal Singh; and M. J. K. Smith (seated). England won the fifth Test match by an innings and 27 runs and made history by winning all five Test matches in the series. There has been some disappointment in the games against the Indians because of the one-sided nature of the contests. The Indian team had ill-luck with injuries to their batsmen, and observers have also given the inexperience of the players in Test matches as a reason for their lack of success on the tour. The English team won three of the Test matches by an innings.

AN UNDERGROUND OPERATIONS POST FOR THE OBSERVER CORPS: At the post opened on Lansdowne, near Bath, the training room is used for exercises, which are relayed to the operations room itself. The underground post for the Royal Observer Corps was opened recently by Mr. Airey Neave, Under-Secretary of State for Air. It is the first of 1,500 which are to be built for the Corps by 1961. They would be used during a nuclear war to collect information on radioactive fallout. The posts are built underground to ensure protection.

PROTECTION AGAINST RADIOACTIVE FALLOUT: In the foreground of the operations room in the underground post near Bath is the main plotting table and in the background the long-range board showing the position of neighbouring Royal Observer Corps posts. The underground chamber is self-contained. There are dormitories, kitchens, washrooms and air-conditioning. A de-contamination unit is also provided for the observers. The post has its own electricity generator and can accommodate more than 120 people for a fortnight.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

LAOTIAN REBELS IN CAPTIVITY: Roped together a file of prisoners is marched across an airfield in Central Laos, having been flown in from the north. This picture, recently received in London, is believed to be the first to reach the West showing Laotian rebels. It is probable that the prisoners were captured in Sam Neua, one of the two provinces bordering on Communist North Vietnam. There were reports last week that rebels had broken out of Sam Neua and were advancing to the south. Arms and equipment were being sent to the Government by America.

ROYAL LAOTIAN PARATROOPERS ON PATROL: Three members of a party from the 2nd Laotian Parachute Battalion hold a briefing session on a hillside in Sam Neua. Supplies for the troops operating here are dropped from the air. Engagements with rebel guerrillas have been frequently reported. In Vientiane, capital of Laos, it was recently announced that the King Sisavang Vong, the Laotian ruler, had handed over his powers to the Crown Prince, Savang Vatthana, for reasons of ill-health.

TUNKU ABDUL RAHMAN RETURNS TO OFFICE AS PRIME MINISTER OF MALAYA: Flanked by members of his Cabinet, he talks with the Press in Kuala Lumpur. The Tunku was Premier of Malaya until early this year. He resigned in order to organise his Alliance Party for the first elections for the Malayan Federal House of Representatives. In the polling last month the Alliance Party gained an overwhelming victory. As was expected, Tunku Abdul Rahman was invited to be Head of Government again. His party's policy is anti-Communist.

MR. LEE KUAN YEW SETS AN EXAMPLE: The Premier of Singapore works on a construction project on the island. He is one of several thousand volunteers who have given up their Sunday leisure to help in building a promenade. According to the Premier, the Government cannot afford funds for the project, so labour must be given free. A further stage in the constitutional development of Singapore was reached last month with the establishment of a committee, for exchange of policy information between Britain and Singapore.

THE CELEBRATION OF INDIAN INDEPENDENCE DAY: Mr. Nehru addresses a huge meeting in the Red Fort at Delhi. The handing-over of power, by the British Government, to India was completed on August 15, 1947. As Indians marked the twelfth anniversary of this historic occasion their country was beset by many problems. Notable among them was relations with China. Mr. Nehru's policy of peaceful co-existence with Pekin seemed to have failed. In a speech in Parliament in Delhi at the end of last week he said that the North East frontier with China and Tibet was being placed under military control.

COMMUNIST DEMONSTRATION IN CALCUTTA: Police round-up agitators to take them away in a police van outside a law court. Communists and their sympathisers had gathered in large numbers and organised a noisy demonstration with a view to disrupting the work of the court. Many arrests were made. The purpose of the protest was to show disapproval of the Indian Central Government's action in removing the Communist Government from office in the State of Kerala. Last week the Indian Central Parliament approved the Government's Bill by which the President temporarily takes over power in Kerala.

World Affairs

President Eisenhower's Travels

By JOHN CONNELL

Several Presidents of the United States have gone abroad during their terms of office on urgent missions. The results of these journeys have not been uniformly fortunate, though the motives behind them have always been of the highest. It will take some time to get President Eisenhower's rapid, well-intentioned and significant visit to Europe, planned for this and last week, into perspective. Has he, in fact, accomplished what he set out to do?

The final answer to this question is bound to be part of a general, long-term assessment of Dwight Eisenhower's character, career and achievements. That assessment is likely to be very difficult to make, for beneath a surface of charm, personal integrity, kindness and idealism, Eisenhower's is a subtle and highly enigmatic personality. Not the least surprising element in his personality is a moral and spiritual resilience matching his physical resilience.

Less than a year ago it was customary—if hardly courteous—in what are miscalled "well-informed circles" on both sides of the Atlantic, to write the President off as overshadowed and outworn, at best an amiable cypher, at worst a sad, ailing old man who let his reputation and his authority be manipulated by small men for small ends. He was sickly and he appeared on the verge of abdicating his manifold and majestic responsibilities.

The inaccuracies in this uncharitable analysis have been glaringly revealed in the past few weeks. His policies and his actions have certainly not been those of a disappointed, frustrated and feeble invalid. Is this a "new" Eisenhower or is it, in fact, a manifestation of the President's true character, his outlook, aspirations and capacities? Most of those who know Eisenhower well, who have worked with or for him over a period of years, would without hesitation endorse my second alternative.

But excellent as this endorsement is as an explanation of the President's present vigorous mood and thorough grasp of American foreign policy and strategy, it does little or nothing to make comprehensible his years of apparent inaction and ineffectiveness. He is now nearing the end of his second term of office; he can never under the new rule be President again. He has left it very late to assert himself and to demonstrate his calibre. Too late? This is possible; but it is also possible that, during the next few months, he may show himself to be as outstanding, memorable and praiseworthy a President of the United States as he was a wartime and post-war commander.

Eisenhower's sense of timing is, I think, variable. Some very arrogant and self-confident men put on a mask of diffidence; Eisenhower is not of this kidney, and his external modesty is an expression of what his critics describe as a lack of inner assurance, and his friends and sympathisers call humility. A humble man postpones decisions, not because he is fearful or a bungler, but because he wants to be completely sure that they are the right decisions, and that he is the right man to make them. This is an attractive quality; whether it should be so predominant in either a soldier or a statesman as it is in Eisenhower is arguable.

In his military career Eisenhower was nearest to defeat and failure when he deferred to the opinions of others, at his best when he cut through boldly to his own decisions on his own responsibility. I suspect that the verdict of the historians on Eisenhower as President will be that he deferred for too long to his expert advisers, whether in the Party political field, or in the field of the formulation and execution of national policy. It has happened now that death and the chances and mischances of American internal politics have deprived him of his most influential advisers, whom he trusted and respected most.

It looks as if he was right in standing loyally by Richard Nixon when the clamour against this highly controversial figure was loudest in 1952, wrong in backing Sherman Adams, and wrong in not asserting his authority long ago over John Foster Dulles and not breaking the rigidity of State Department doctrine on East-West relations. Now—for different reasons—neither Mr. Adams nor Mr. Dulles is any longer on the scene; and though it may seem tactless almost to the point of callousness to say so, what a difference it has made to Eisenhower. The departure of these two powerful men, combined with his own remarkable recovery of physical health, has made a cypher into a President.

Why—illness apart—was Eisenhower content to remain a cypher so long? There is, I think, a variety of explanations: first, his native capacity for politics is counterbalanced by a powerful, professional inhibition against political activity; second, there is his other markedly soldierly characteristic, that of delegation; and third, there is his consciousness, even stronger than that habitual in American Presidents, of being a man dedicated and set apart. It was not the least of the Founding Fathers' errors that, rejecting the name, titles and trappings of kingship, they preserved in the office and person of the President a Head of State who is, to all intents and purposes, an eighteenth-century English king, and who may also be said to be not divested entirely of certain relics of seventeenth-century mysticism and absolutism.

The result is that every President of the United States is a betwixt and between kind of creature, half-god and half-man. Very few human beings can carry the double load of being both deity and principal executive. Each President therefore tends to concentrate his energies on one side or other of his task. Harry Truman had no divine yearnings in him (or if he had, he masked them most effectively); he devoted his attention to being the good, efficient boss, and on the whole succeeded remarkably well. Eisenhower, however sharp and shady the practices within the Party machine which secured his nomination, was and knew himself to be the embodiment of the godhead concept in the American Constitution. He was above and beyond the squabbles and the squalors of Party politics; and this was the chief cause of his election. But he brought to his office a unique quality, of which he himself, in his modest way, was aware, but which meant little or nothing to the vast majority of the American public: the lustre of his fame in the world at large.

He was the fulfilment of the basic American legend: the barefoot boy, fishin' in the creek in the little Middle West town, who grows up a regular guy and goes one day to the White House, and just stays a simple, good, great-hearted, democratic guy at heart. He was also known, admired and loved abroad as no other President in American history—Woodrow Wilson not excepted—had ever been. But while this powerful aura could be removed far more quickly than it was earned, he had, and has, one continuing asset which can never be taken from him. His own knowledge of and experience in the outside world, especially in the fields where power is exercised, is incomparably greater than that of any of his predecessors. His knowledge of his own country is at grass-root level; in Britain, France and Germany he moves, easily and naturally, at Cabinet level, a trusted and valued comrade and colleague rejoining those among whom, and with whom, he served and worked through long, arduous years.

He has known us since he and we were so high, and known us not just as we are now, at peace, physically sleek and spiritually convalescent, touchily conscious of our own recuperative powers and achievements, but as we were then, stripped to the bones of our being by war. He went first to Germany as Supreme Allied Commander, accepting the unconditional surrender of a totally defeated nation. Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II was a very young officer in the A.T.S. when first General Eisenhower went to luncheon at Buckingham Palace. Harold Macmillan was the British Government's representative at his headquarters in North Africa close on seventeen years ago.

In company with Charles de Gaulle, Eisenhower has known good days and bleak days. Was it not as the result of his personal promise to de Gaulle that at the end of August 1944 French troops were the spearhead of the advancing armies which liberated Paris? In June 1945 General Eisenhower received the Freedom of the City of London, in a strangely stirring ceremony in Guildhall; battered and flame-scorched as it was.

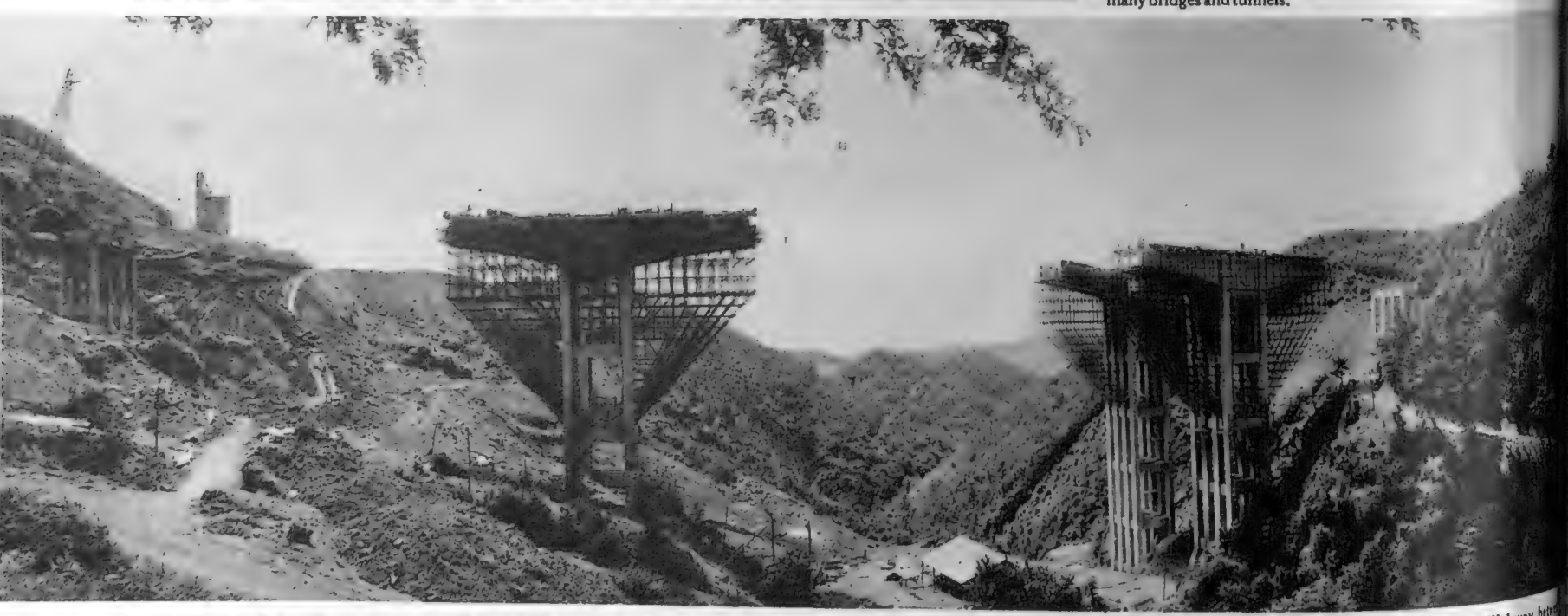
PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S ARRIVAL IN WEST GERMANY: Accompanied by Dr. Adenauer, the Federal Chancellor, he is at Wahn Airport, near Bonn, where he inspected a guard of honour of West German fighting services. During his tour of Western Europe Mr. Eisenhower spent a day in West Germany, five days in Britain and three days in France. On his arrival in Bonn from Washington it was estimated that a crowd of 100,000 Germans had gathered to greet him.

These experiences have had, inevitably, a profound and lasting effect on Eisenhower. Their value in the task which he has just undertaken is quite incalculable. It is, however, worth stressing the one quality, above all others, in this remarkable man which led George Marshall—wise, far-sighted and selfless—to choose him for his first assignment in Europe in the hectic days when "Gymnast" and "Super-Gymnast" tumbled over each other and were replaced by "Torch." He was selected not on his military record, which in those days could hardly be regarded as notable, but for his possession of a single unusual talent which he was to manifest subsequently to an extraordinary degree—his capacity for conciliation. It is doubtful whether in 1942 Eisenhower himself was aware of the value of this talent, but George Marshall recognised it.

The illustrious President is many arduous lifetimes away from the obscure, agreeable Major-General at whom the British C.I.G.S., Alan Brooke, looked a little glumly in November 1942 and decided that he was absorbed in the political situation in North Africa at the expense of the tactical. But he is the same man, the man who created, first for the North African campaign and then for the liberation of North-West Europe, a team which (in his own words) "in its unity of purpose, devotion to duty and absence of friction could not have been excelled if all its members had come from the same nation and the same Service." Eisenhower meant those words as a tribute to the officers and men under his command. It is ironic but just that they should serve as a description of his own capacity and achievement.

A DIFFICULT SECTION: The "Highway of the Sun" comes out of tunnels and up an embankment to cross a railway. In planning this particular stretch between Bologna and Florence the engineers had to overcome a number of difficulties and problems in construction. Here, as elsewhere in the 500-mile autostrada being built between Milan and Naples, the overall width of the motor road will be 80 ft.

On left—
THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS: The bridge with its single arch is at Rioveggio, near Bologna. The road from Bologna to Florence is being driven through the Apennine range and requires many bridges and tunnels.



PREPARATIONS FOR ONE OF THE LONGEST VIADUCTS ON THE "HIGHWAY OF THE SUN": The supports have been erected for the "Settefonti" Viaduct. When the Highway between Milan and Naples is completed in 1963 it will have 304 major bridges and 3,800 smaller ones. It will run through eighty-one tunnels. These means will ensure that the gradient over the whole 500 miles is never more than 1 in 25. Work is proceeding simultaneously on northern and southern sections. Some parts of the Highway are now open to traffic.

TWIN ARCH BRIDGE : Each of the curved supports has a span of 284 ft. The bridge, which will run over the two arches and nine piers, will have a length of over 1,000 ft. The total cost for the "Highway of the Sun" is estimated at £110,000,000. Financial assistance is being sought from foreign loans and aid programmes.

SPANNING ITALIAN VALLEYS

Building Bridges and Viaducts for the "Highway of the Sun"

The pictures on these pages give some idea of the natural obstacles being overcome by the engineers building the "Highway of the Sun" through the mountainous country of the Apennines, between Bologna and Florence. Viaducts and bridges are taking shape to span the valleys, and tunnels are being bored through the mountains.

The ambitious Italian Highway project envisages a motor road which will definitely be one of the finest in Europe. It will run from Milan to Naples, through many of the chief centres of Northern and Central Italy. Work is finished on some sections and good progress is being made on many others. In all areas it will have standard dimensions; dual carriageways, each being 25 ft. wide, and an overall width of 80 ft. The gradient will never be more than 1 in 25.

Another important point in the planning is that the road will be in the Roman tradition, running as straight as possible. To achieve this ideal no fewer than 81 tunnels, 304 major bridges and 3,800 smaller ones are planned or under construction. The total cost for the whole 500 miles of the project will be £110,000,000. Foreign loans and aid are being sought to raise this sum.

It is expected that two-thirds of the scheme will be finished by the end of this year. Completion date for the whole is the end of 1963. Eventually it is hoped that the road may be carried on south from Naples to the heel of Italy.

The country is quickly developing its industries. This is the main reason for the speedy construction of the Highway. Heavy lorries which carry so much of the nation's industrial materials will be able to move with greater rapidity than at present. And, of course, tourism, on which many Italians depend for their livelihood, will benefit. There have been reports in some places of farmers objecting to the road running through their land. There have also been reports of towns and villages competing to have the autostrada built through or near them so that they can enjoy its obvious advantages.

On right—

A GIANT CURVE: The mechanic in the undergrowth is dwarfed by the huge arch of a viaduct. The autostrada will speed-up the transport of industrial goods and materials between the big cities of Italy.

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA IN AUSTRALIA

Centenary Celebrations in Queensland; a State Ball in Canberra

A STATE RECEPTION: Escorted by Mr. Frank Nicklin, the Premier of Queensland, Princess Alexandra arrives at Parliament House, in Brisbane. There were 1,500 guests at the reception and ball, which was on the first day of the Princess's Queensland visit.

A GIFT FROM THE AUSTRALIAN PEOPLE: At the State Ball in Parliament House, Canberra, Princess Alexandra admires the brooch which Mr. R. G. Menzies is presenting to her. This was on August 17, the fourth day of her Australian tour. Next day she went to Queensland, now holding its centenary celebrations. One of the main functions in the celebrations is the Royal National Agricultural Show, which the Princess opened. The crowded Royal schedule included a visit to the vast sheep plains of West Queensland.

On right—
A SURPRISE VISIT: Princess Alexandra indicates a point of interest to Mr. M. D. Davies, a councillor of the Royal National Agricultural and Industrial Association, at a wood-chopping contest.

THE ROYAL NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW: Princess Alexandra smiles and waves to the crowd as she tours the exhibition. At her side is Mr. George Green, President of the R.N.A.I.A. *Right*—Before a crowd of 40,000 the Princess officially opens the show.

TUNNELLING UNDER MONT BLANC: Work proceeds under floodlights on the seven-mile tunnel from Entrèves to Chamonix beneath the highest mountain in Europe. The enormous pipeline follows the progress of the work, bringing fresh air to those working on the cliff-face. Reports from Italy say that over 2,000 ft. have been pierced by those working from the Italian end and work is advancing from the French end. When opened in 1961, the Mont Blanc tunnel will become the longest motorway tunnel in the world.

BY ROAD UNDER THE ALPS

Drilling Continues on the Mont Blanc Tunnel, the Longest Motorway Tunnel in the World

IT seems likely that one of the more significant changes in taste in post-war Europe is towards private rather than public transport. To many Europeans the goal and mark of success is the possession of a car, so that travel is no longer bound by the time-table of the railways. For many Governments this has created the problems of relieving congestion on existing roads and providing new routes for the long-distance driver. Evidence of this trend can be seen not only in Britain, where there is an intense concern to accommodate the increasing number of new drivers on up-to-date roads, but also elsewhere in Europe.

The Italians, whose economy depends on roads to a large extent in so far as tourists provide much income and since much of the transport of raw and finished materials is by big lorries, are undertaking a huge programme of building. Not least of this is the construction of a motorway tunnel under Mont Blanc in conjunction with the French Government and the Swiss Cantons. Until this route opens, it is hoped, in 1961, travel over the Alpine passes is restricted to those months when the winter snows have not made them impassable. Even so, the huge lorries cannot negotiate the steep climbs and winding roads of the Alpine passes, so that the transport of goods between the three countries is restricted to rail.

Drilling under Mont Blanc is already far advanced on the Italian side, working from the site over 4,000 ft. up the side of Europe's highest mountain. Despite the fact that water appeared in the early months of this year and there were floods, work is up to schedule. The geological characteristics of Mont Blanc are still somewhat uncertain. Local legend holds that within the mountain there are subterranean lakes and deposits of valuable metals, including, so some have said, uranium. By the beginning of August, however, the Italians had drilled 2,000 ft. into the rock and work was under way from the French side.

When completed, the route will be something over seven miles long, making it the longest motorway tunnel in the world. The present longest is five miles long, beneath the Straits of Kwannuon, in Japan, between the islands of Honshu and Kyushu. Running exactly underneath the Géant Glacier, the Mont Blanc Motorway starts on the French side at over 4,000 ft. at Les Pélérins, just south of Chamonix, and leaves on the Italian side at over 4,500 ft. at Entrèves, just under the Brenva Glacier to the north of Courmayeur. At the centre there will be 8,000 ft. of rock above it. Financed by the Italian and French Governments and the Swiss Cantons, the tunnel will cost nearly £12,000,000.

Italian miners use Atlas Copco " tiger " rock drills, operating in a battery of sixteen on a platform running on rails. When the rock-face has been drilled, charges

(*Concluded on following pages*)

BY ROAD UNDER THE ALPS

(*Continued from previous page*)

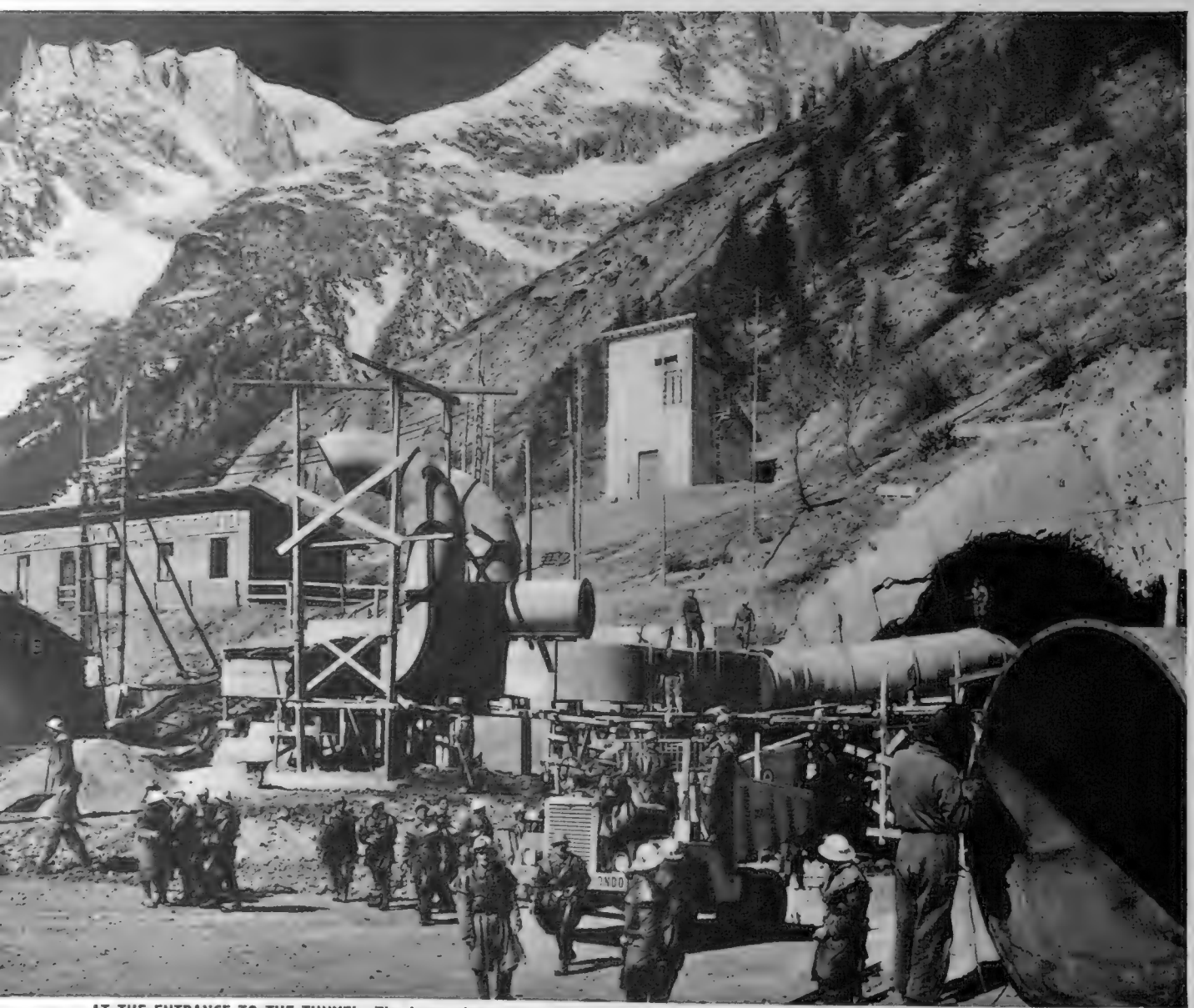
are inserted and the platform run back. After the charges are exploded, dumpers clear the fallen rock. The sides of the tunnel are encased in concrete and a gigantic pipe provides the air for ventilation purposes and for the drills. Four miles of the tunnel are being driven from the Italian end and three from the French.

When finished, the motorway will have a height of 31 ft. and a breadth of 27 ft. The roadway will be built up above the rock base so that the space underneath can accommodate air ventilation pipes and lighting and telephone cables. There will be two narrow sidewalks running the length of the tunnel, one on each side, and there will be lay-bys every 1,000 ft. for emergencies and for vehicles which have broken down. Throughout the tunnel there will be powerful lights. Advertisement posters will not be permitted, only international road signs being allowed.

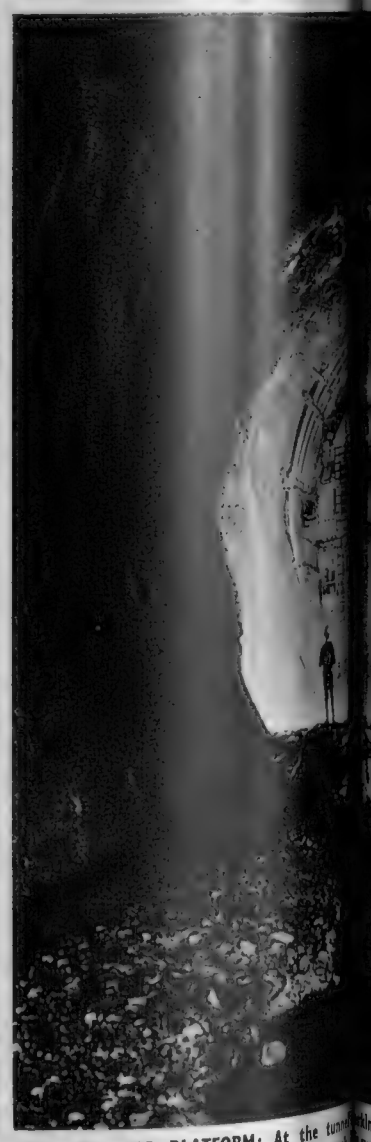
Open all the year round, the tunnel will provide a shortened route for traffic from Paris, through Geneva, and from Lyons, travelling to Turin, Genoa and Milan. Forecasts estimate that the route from Paris to Milan will be cut by 194 miles and that from Paris to Turin by 137 miles. It is thought that annually the route will carry 264,000 cars, 24,000 buses, 49,000 motor-cycles, and 15,000 lorries. This makes a total of 1,500,000 passengers and 75,000 tons of freight. Assuming this to be accurate, it appears probable that much work will have to be carried out on the road which runs from the Po Valley, through Aosta, up to Courmayeur, which is, in fact, the exit road on the Italian end of the tunnel. During the holiday season this road, serving the mountain resorts and the Great and Small St. Bernard Passes, is very congested.

In the same area work has been under way for some time on a tunnel under the St. Bernard Pass, between Italy and Switzerland. Both entrances will be much higher up than those of the Mont Blanc Tunnel. Over three miles long, the tunnel will also carry the new pipe-line from the port of Genoa to the Italo-Swiss refinery, which is to be built at Aigle, near the Lake of Geneva. Like the Mont Blanc Tunnel, it will provide a new link between France, Switzerland and Italy and will be open all the year round. It will be ventilated half-way through by a vertical shaft.

BELOW THE SNOW-CAPPED PEAKS OF MONT [illegible] station which powers the drills [illegible] winter and summer resort. Carry[illegible]



AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL: The huge pipes of the fresh-air pumping system dominate the scene outside the tunnel entrance. Inside the tunnel, the road will have a breadth of 27 ft. and will be built 8 ft. above the level of the tunnel base. The space under it will contain the ventilation system and light and telephone cables. There will be two narrow sidewalks along the whole length.



THE DRILLING PLATFORM: At the tunnel [illegible] sixteen miners drill into the rock [illegible] crete lining. The notice on the platform [illegible]

MONT BLANC: The site of the workers' camp at the Italian end of the tunnel is dwarfed by the jagged slopes of the mountain peaks. To the right of the camp is the central compressor and provides the air for ventilation purposes. The entrance is at an altitude of 4,531 ft., near Entrèves, just under the Brenva Glacier, which lies to the north of Courmayeur, an Italian ... this enterprise, which is estimated to cost just under £12,000,000, is a company financed with funds provided by the Italian and French Governments and the Swiss Cantons.

...king face is the three-tiered platform, from which ... surrounding horseshoe is the framework for the con... ...inds workers of the need for safety precautions.

THE FRENCH END OF THE TUNNEL: Huge compressor batteries provide compressed air for the pneumatic drills being used on the French section of the motorway tunnel, which starts at Les Pélérins, just south of Chamonix, at an altitude of 4,179 ft. At the half-way point, 3½ miles inside the mountain, the tunnel will have more than 8,000 ft. of ice-capped granite above it.

"LAVENDER, SWEET LAVENDER"

The History of the Plant in England; the Present Commercial Situation; a Recipe for Pot Pourri

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

LAVENDER is said to have been introduced to Britain by the Romans and to have been used by them to scent the water for their baths. The Romans knew lavender, of course: it is a Mediterranean plant. There can be no doubt that they used it to scent the water for their baths, for the scientific name *lavandula* comes from the Latin *lavare*, "to wash." Whether they introduced the plant to Britain and used it for that purpose here is another matter altogether.

Personally, I do not believe it. I find it impossible to believe that, had lavender been introduced by them, it and its uses would not have survived the Dark Ages and have been known to and used by the Saxons and the Normans and the Plantagenets and the rest; or, at least, would have been known to the aristocratic ladies of these later regimes.

If it was introduced by the Romans, all knowledge of it departed with their departure. I do not think that there is a single reference to lavender in England in English medieval literature. At any rate, I have been unable to find one. For that matter, I have been unable to find any reference to lavender in England in Roman times: only the much later (nineteenth-century) assertion that it was introduced by them. I believe that we credit lavender with a very much longer life in England than is in fact the case. I do not think that the growing of lavender in England can be taken further back than Tudor times, and I think that it was probably introduced by the Huguenots.

We know that lavender was cultivated for its essential oils at Mitcham, in Surrey, in 1568. Not many years later there were lavender beds in Kent, Hampshire and Norfolk; and a little later still, beds in Suffolk, Hertfordshire and Lincolnshire. It must not be thought, however, that this was cultivation on a large scale or that the plant was at all widely known in England in the sixteenth or early seventeenth century. John Gerard (1545-1612), the famous herbalist, knew it and it may even have been he who introduced it at Mitcham. But then, Gerard was a specialist.

Shakespeare mentions it, of course:

> Here 's flowers for you;
> Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
> The marigold that goes to bed wi' the sun
> And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
> Of middle summer, and I think they are given
> To men of middle age.

The lines are Perdita's in *The Winter's Tale*. This is the only mention of lavender in the whole of Shakespeare's works, and Shakespeare, it must be remembered, was very knowledgeable about plants and their uses, and mentions a great many: which is sufficient indication, I think, that lavender was then but little known. That would have been 1609 or thereabouts. If further proof be needed that lavender was then known only to a few specialists and the most omniscient of Englishmen, it may be found in the fact that Francis Bacon does not mention it in his catalogue of sweet-smelling plants: I often wonder what the "Bacon-wrote-Shakespeare" party make of that.

Mitcham lavender, however, soon became very famous on the Continent. It was used in a renowned perfume called "Rondoletia," and is specifically mentioned by name:

Oil of lavender Mitcham	¾ ounce
Oil of cloves	2½ drachms
Oil of bergamot	2 drachms
Essence of musk	½ drachm
Essence of ambergris	½ drachm

This was distilled in spirit of wine and left to stand for three months. Time after time you will find specific mention of Mitcham lavender or of English lavender in old French and Continental recipes for perfumes. It is evident that English lavender had something special about it, something not to be found in Mediterranean or Provençal lavender. (In fact, it is said that English lavender has three times the oil content of the Continental varieties.) We know that the French took cuttings of Mitcham lavender, hoping to grow the same sort of bushes and so to produce the same quality oil. The plants did well enough, but there must have been a marked deficiency in the oil, for Mitcham lavender and English lavender continued to be in great demand on the Continent.

IN A FIELD OF LAVENDER: *Left*—A farm-worker at Cliff's End, near Sandwich, Kent, uses a sickle to cut the plant. *Right*—The crop is loaded on to a wheelbarrow. Lavender, for commercial purposes, is grown in several areas of England, the most important being Norfolk. A dry, sunny summer is favourable for the yield of lavender oil.

There does not seem to have been any great demand for it in England until fairly late in the seventeenth century; and then the demand was for its medicinal rather than for its perfumery properties. This does not mean to say that it was completely ignored as a perfume. Izaak Walton describes an inn in which the walls were decorated with broadsides scented with lavender, and also (nostalgically) of linen "which looks white and smells of lavender, and I long to be in a pair of sheets that smell so." It was the medical aspect that brought the plant before the public. Much earlier John Gerard had announced that "it profiteth them much that have the palsy if they be washed with the distilled water from the lavender flower or are anointed with the oil made from the flowers and olive oil in such manner as oil of roses is used." It was, however, Nicholas Culpeper, who set up as an astrologer and physician in Red Lion Street, Spitalfields, in 1640, who did more than anyone else to popularise the use of lavender as a cure for various ills. In combination with various other flowers it was prescribed for almost every ailment under the sun, including the plague. One Dr. Stevens went even further and announced that his famous "water" would prolong life: "Now for the virtue of this water it is this, it comforteth the spirits and vital parts, and helpeth all inward diseases that cometh of cold, and whoever useth this water moderately will make him seeme young in old age."

Lavender seems first to have been used as a perfume for men towards the end of the seventeenth century (and it is still by far the most popular perfume used in men's toilet preparations), but the heyday of lavender as a perfume was the Victorian age. Commercial growing on a large scale in this country began about 1823 and was very profitable to the growers right until the end of the century and, though on a declining scale, until the end of the Edwardian era. Women would wear little sachets of lavender sown into their underclothes. Housewives would place little sachets of lavender in chests-of-drawers and wardrobes, not only to impart a fresh scent but also because it was firmly believed that the scent kept the moths away. (In our house we still have sachets of lavender in all the chests-of-drawers and wardrobes, and replace them every year, because we like the fresh tang of the perfume. I am quite sure that the scent does not keep the moths away: that is a myth. But stonecrop, gathered in full flower, put in muslin bags and placed in drawers and wardrobes, does undoubtedly prevent moth.)

Lavender was also used to scent rooms. My grandmother used to burn the flowers or the spikes for this purpose, and I remember that there was quite a ritual attached to it. I have only to smell burning lavender now—old bushes being burnt on a bonfire—to be transported at once to that house in Wales and the fresh, clean smell of the guest-room.

Although lavender as a perfume has undoubtedly lost in popularity (at least, among women) since the Edwardian era—the lavender girls with their famous cry, "Lavender, sweet Lavender; come buy my sweet Lavender," have disappeared from the London streets—large quantities of lavender are still grown in this country. Norfolk is the most important area and large fields of it, cultivated by Norfolk Lavender Ltd., may be seen in the neighbourhood of Heacham. It is, of course, also grown on a commercial scale elsewhere, and quite recently a considerable acreage has been laid down by the monastery on Caldey Island, off the Pembrokeshire coast.

Now, lavender is a variable and difficult crop. It is true that it is not fastidious about soil or situation—it will grow pretty well anywhere and there are lavender bushes in gardens all over the country—but if it is to produce oil in worthwhile quantities it must have a light, sandy or gravelly soil and plenty of sun. Propagation is by "slips"—young shoots 6 to 9 ins. long—taken in the spring. When these are firmly established, they are set out in the fields about a yard apart, which allows ample room for lateral growth and good flowering, but which also means a lot of hard work, for the beds must be kept clean to ensure a good yield of oil.

The oil yield is very variable and much depends upon the season: the drier, and sunnier, the better. In a good season an acre of prime lavender will yield about 20 lb. weight of oil; in a poor summer it may fall as low as 10 to 12 lb. And it must be remembered that the plants do not last for ever. I am told that a good lavender bed, well cared for, will remain productive for five years, and it seems to be the established commercial practice to replant a fifth of the total acreage each year.

The harvest may be taken at any time from the middle of July to the middle of September, depending upon the season. It is a wonderful and rather intoxicating experience to visit the lavender fields at harvest: the gay dresses of the women contrasting with the soft purple of the crop (cutting is usually done by women and in Norfolk at any rate they work at an incredible speed); the sunlight flashing from the swift knives; the air heavy with scent.

The flowers are distilled immediately they are brought in from the fields. They are packed into large stills, the lids are clamped down, and then steam is introduced under pressure. This carries off the oil in the form of vapour. A condenser then reduces the steam and the oil vapour back into liquid form, and the oil rises to the surface of a separator and is easily drawn off. Oil for medicinal purposes (lavender is still included in the *British Pharmacopœia*) is distilled from flowers stripped from the stems. Flowers to be dried for use in sachets are cut earlier than those used for oil distillation. But there is now comparatively little demand in medicine and sachets are not so common as once they were: the main harvest is for the perfumery trade.

Considering the undoubted decline in the popularity of lavender as a perfume—the modern young woman does not think much of lavender water; she wants something with an exotic or seductive name—considering the variable and difficult nature of the crop, considering the poor prices paid by the drug firms (I hasten to add that I have no experience of this; I repeat only what I have been told by growers, and I suspect that growers, like farmers, generally are a little prone to dissatisfaction), you may be surprised, as I was, to find that lavender is still grown on a very considerable commercial scale. The fact is that there are endless uses for lavender, not only for perfumes and eaux-de-Cologne, but also for bath salts and talcum powders, and toilet and shaving soaps. Many of the exotic foreign perfumes contain oil of English lavender, even as they did in the seventeenth century.

One use for lavender, however, seems to have died out altogether. Who now makes her own Pot Pourri? Yet how easy it is to make and how lovely to have! Here is a recipe (I do not know who originally invented it) which is said to retain its fragrance for twenty-five years: "Equal parts of fine table salt and powdered borax and one-tenth of powdered cinnamon. Mix well and to every quart of rose leaves add one dessertspoonful of the mixture. Mix well twice a day. After three days add dried scented geranium leaves, lavender, lemon-scented verbena and thyme. To each quart one dessertspoonful of the mixture. Mix well twice a day for ten days." You might like to try it some time.

AN ANTI-SUBMARINE FRIGATE FOR THE ROYAL NEW ZEALAND NAVY: The *Taranaki* enters the water at Cowes, having been launched by Lady Freyberg, wife of Lieut.-General Lord Freyberg, V.C., former Governor-General of New Zealand. A Whitby class frigate, the *Taranaki*, built by J. Samuel White and Company, is a sister-ship of the *Otago*, launched last December by Princess Margaret. She is due for delivery next year. Displacing 2,200 tons standard, the frigate will have two 4.5-in. guns and twelve 21-in. torpedo tubes as main armament, with two Limbo three-barrelled depth-charge mortars. Powered by steam turbine, she will have a speed of over 30 knots. Designed predominantly for anti-submarine warfare, the *Taranaki* is generally similar to the Whitby class first-rate frigates being built for the Royal Navy. She differs in her crew accommodation; the mess contains a bunk for each member of the crew. In daytime the bunks fold back to form settees. Another innovation will be a cafeteria system for meals for the ship's company.

NAVAL WARFARE

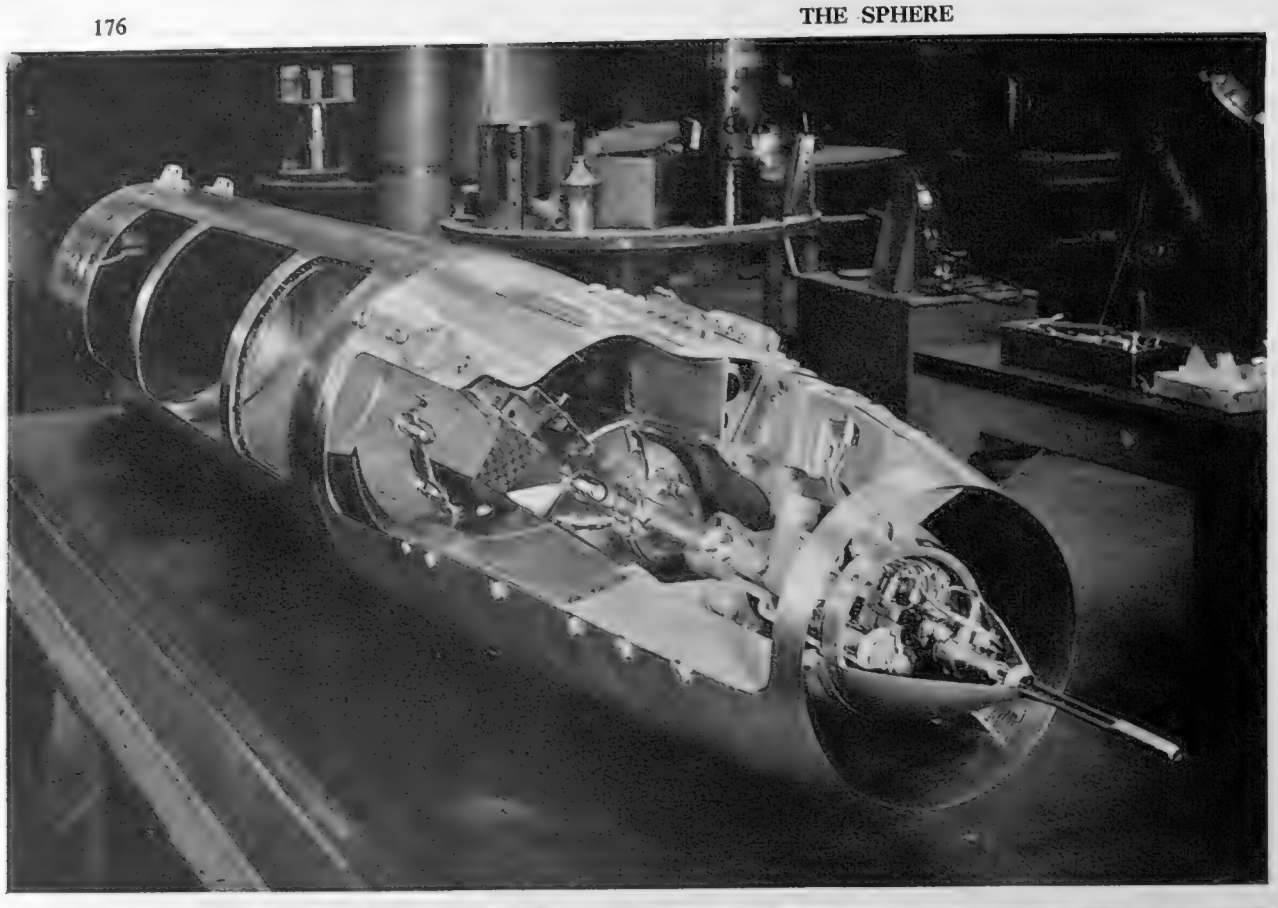
A Frigate for New Zealand; H.M.S. "Tiger's" Armament

On left—

PUSH-BUTTON CRUISER: Mounted amidships on board H.M.S. *Tiger*, of the Royal Navy, is one of her six 3-in. twin rapid-firing guns. Commissioned this year, the *Tiger* is the name-ship of a class of three cruisers, which are the last conventional cruisers to be constructed for the Royal Navy. Armament includes four 6-in. guns in two turrets, and six 3-in., all of which are rapid firing, fully-automatic, and controlled by radar. Displacing 9,550 tons standard, *Tiger* has remote-controlled main machinery and automatic boiler control, and will have a speed of over 31 knots. Laid down in 1941, she was originally launched in 1945. Work stopped in 1946, and the decision to proceed with her completion was officially announced in 1954. She was dismantled ready for resumption of construction to a new design in 1955. Her new 6-in. guns will have a rate of fire far in excess of guns of a similar calibre now in service with the Royal Navy. She has greatly improved crew accommodation, including bunks instead of hammocks.

SCIENCE IN INDUSTRY

Inside a Ramjet; Natural Gas for Par... a New Fuel Cell; and Production o... B.M.C.'s New Baby Cars

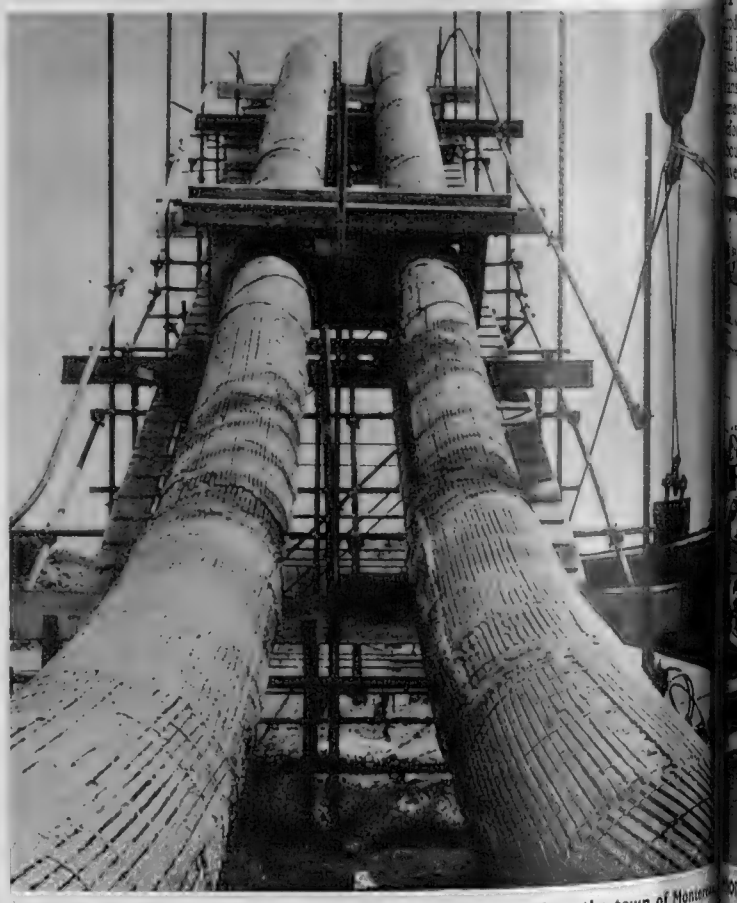


On left—

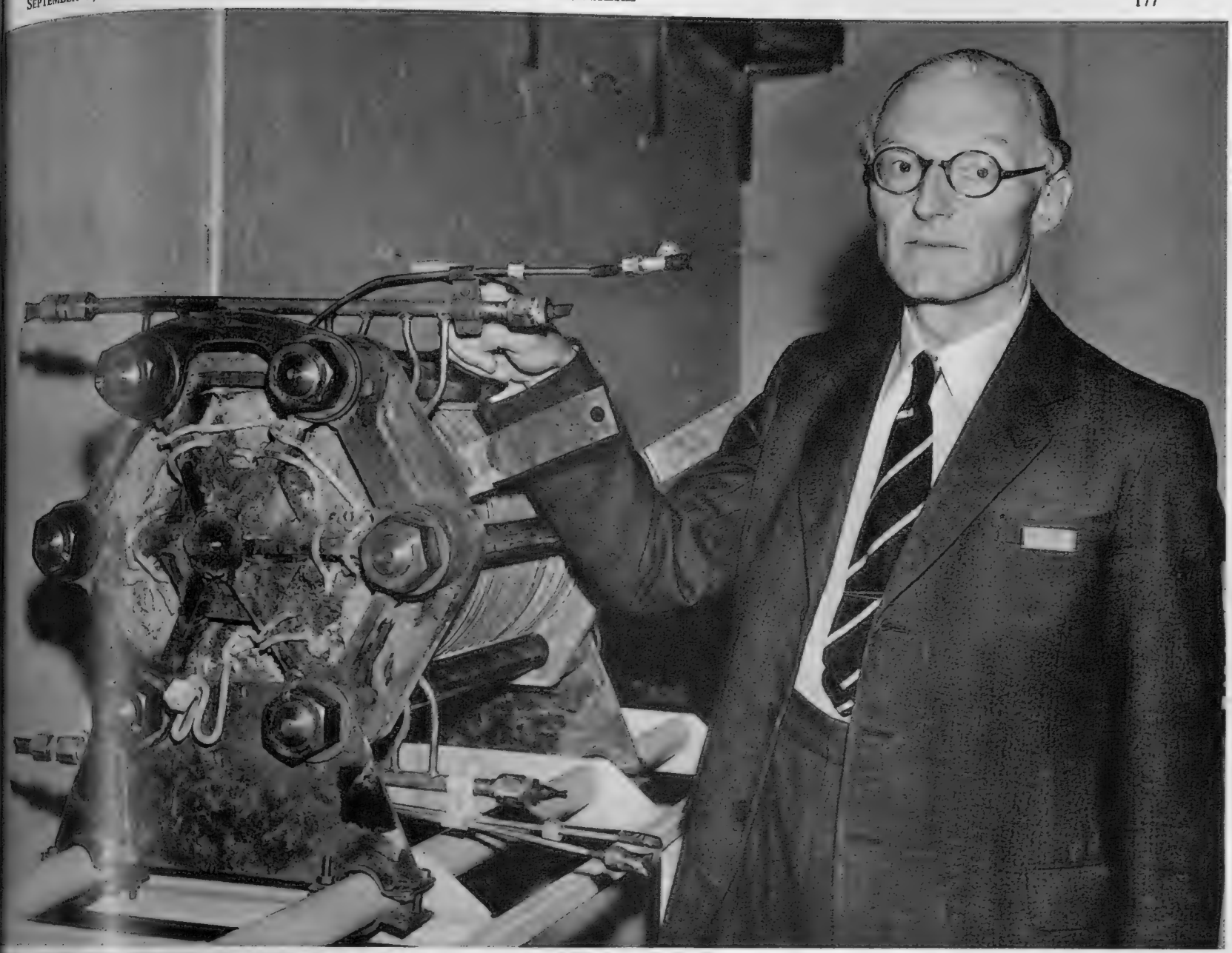
THE INSIDE OF A RAMJET: On show at the Fa... borough Air Show, starting on Mond... September 7, will be a cut-away versi... of a Bristol Siddeley Thor BT-1, show... for the first time internal details of thi... form of engine. The Thor BT-1 is an ex... model of the highly-advanced Thor, used ... the Bloodhound surface-to-air guided mis... of the R.A.F. Air enters the annular gap ... (right-hand end) between the nose cone a... the engine casing. At supersonic speed sh... waves are built up, springing from the point ... the nose cone across to the lip of the casi... causing the air to be slowed down to subso... speeds. The air travels down the passa... round the central streamlined island which ... supported by three vanes and which contai... the fuel and fuel control system. As the ... passes the middle of the ramjet, fuel is inje... into it from the rear-pointing, bullet-shap... fuel jets, mounted left centre, between the ou... casing and the centre island. The burning ... the fuel is stabilised by a V-section rung gu... (also cut away but visible to the left of the ... jets) and the combustion area is surrounded ... a perforated ring damper. Pressure is bu... up by slowing down the air and by the co... bustion of the fuel; a great amount of ex... is released which causes the gases to trave... very high speeds down the tailpipe and thro... the exit nozzle (extreme left), producing ... ward thrust. Only 16 ins. in diameter a... some 8 ft. long, the ramjet can deve... 100,000 h.p. at three times the speed of so...

On left—

THE THOR BT-1: Although basically simple, th... ramjet has complicated controls in the nos... cone. These sense the air flow conditio... through the pressure head (right) an... in consequence vary the amount o... fuel needed in the combustion chamb...



FEEDING NATURAL GAS TO THE CAPITAL OF FRANCE: Near the town of Montesq... which is about 50 miles to the south of Paris, a huge double pipe is plac... into position to be lowered on to the bed of the Seine. *Left*—The twin p... are raised on a scaffolding on the bank of the Seine. Some 130 yards long a... 20 ins. in diameter, the feeder pipe is protected by glass wool and a coating of ... They form part of a system of pipelines bringing natural gas from the enormous depo... at Lacq, in the Southern Pyrenees, to Paris. It is hoped that Parisians may feel ... benefit of the increase in their gas supplies by the beginning of next year. Exp... mental drilling for oil at Lacq was undertaken in 1951. Natural gas, which is p... off from petroleum oilfields, is used extensively in the United States for many ... gas systems. It can be piped for many thousands of miles under high pres...



ELECTRICAL POWER FROM HYDROGEN AND OXYGEN: Mr. F. T. Bacon stands beside his invention, a fuel cell which produces electricity from the two gases. The cell measures 30 ins. by 15 ins. by 12 ins., delivering 2¼ kilowatts of electricity at 32 volts. It was demonstrated on Monday of last week at the works of Marshall of Cambridge Electronics Limited, who have been developing it for the National Research and Development Corporation for the past two years. Its future application is thought to be in the field of transport.

As every schoolboy knows, hydrogen and oxygen will combine to form water. The chemical reaction produces heat. The revolutionary aspect of the power cell invented by Mr. F. T. Bacon and demonstrated last week at Cambridge is that this heat—chemical energy—is transformed directly into electrical energy. Other electricity generators rely on heat engines, all involving several steps before electricity is produced. Their efficiency is generally about 30 per cent.; in theory, Mr. Bacon's cell should have an efficiency of around 80 per cent.

At present, being only a prototype, the new power unit has nothing like this efficiency: two units of electricity are consumed in producing the gases used as fuel for every one unit which the cell gives out. This, it is stated, will be overcome, especially with the plentiful supplies of cheap hydrogen and oxygen coming as by-products from the atomic power stations which are being built. Another difficulty is the great size of the control equipment needed.

In the cell are two porous nickel electrodes immersed in a solution of caustic soda or potash. The hydrogen and oxygen are fed in by the control apparatus. The only by-product is water. At the demonstration, electricity produced by the cell was used to power welding equipment, a circular saw and a fork-lift truck.

Its future uses, however, are thought to lie in transport, with rail traction the most attractive possibility. Interested Americans visualise it in manned satellites and as auxiliary power for nuclear submarines. There appears to be an opportunity here for developing the inexpensive, noiseless and smokeless locomotive power sought for so long.

PRODUCING BRITAIN'S LATEST BABY SALOONS: Nearing the end of the assembly line at the British Motor Corporation's works at Longbridge, Birmingham, are their new Austin Sevens. The Morris Mini-Minor, the other new model, is almost identical, differing only in front details. *Right*—Further back on the production line the bodywork is lowered on to the chassis. The Corporation has spent more than £10,000,000 on new plant and re-tooling for production of the baby saloons, which incorporate several radical features. Among these is the transverse mounting of the 848-c.c. front-wheel-drive engine which economises in the length of the car. The basic model, without any extras, is priced at £496 19s. 2d., including £146 19s. 2d. purchase tax. A top speed of 70 m.p.h. is claimed and a fuel consumption of about 50 m.p.g. at 50 m.p.h. There is independent suspension for all four wheels.

SAILING DINGHIES

Comparatively Low Costs Help to Make Racing These Boats Increasingly Popular

By GABOR DENES

In May of this year the Royal Yachting Association took over administration of the Enterprise dinghy class, and thus added one more to the already existing National racing dinghy classes, making seven in all. The Enterprise dinghy was only introduced in 1956, and on reaching National status, sail numbers are well over 2,700. Such rapid growth, although phenomenal, is by no means exceptional in the world of racing sailing dinghies to-day, with the popularity of sailing generally. While more and more people take up sailing in its various forms, the greatest numbers are attracted to dinghy racing.

This is easy to understand if we consider that owning a dinghy cannot be called even a modest luxury any more, and it can be truthfully said that, if we should admit that class distinctions exist in other spheres, they certainly do not in dinghy sailing; this sport has spread to all classes of the population. The reasons are twofold. First, there is a general tendency to take to the water for relaxation in order to escape the crowded conditions which are becoming so intolerable for many people, and second, the relatively low cost of owning a modern sailing dinghy.

The National Enterprise is a suitable example to illustrate the latter point. Designed by Jack Holt—an expert in small boats designed for racing, constructed in a simple way, so that inexperienced amateurs are able to build from kits or even from scratch—for a national newspaper, the *News Chronicle*, who briefed him to produce a "people's boat," the Enterprise is 13 ft. 3 ins. long, with a beam of 5 ft. 3 ins. She will carry two adults and two children and her hull weighs under 200 lb. Two kinds of sail plan are available, 73 sq. ft. for the beginner and for cruising purposes, and 113 sq. ft. for racing. Sufficient buoyancy is carried to support boat and crew if the hull should fill with water, and the boat can be righted by the crew after a capsize. The cost of a complete boat, without sails, is £115-£130 charged by various builders; a kit of all parts costs £76; and a completed hull, with all the other parts in kit form, £96. Sails will add another £20 or so, and a few non-essential extras may add another £5 or £10 to the total involved. If we add that all this is now available on very favourable hire-purchase terms, it will be quite clear that dinghy ownership is within the means of people with quite modest incomes.

With the large number of motor-cars these days, the dinghy-owner is free to sail where he likes. He can take his dinghy with him for his family holiday, or take it to race meetings all over the country. A good trailer, which can be used for launching as well, can be bought for about £30, capable of taking dinghies up to 16 ft. What other expenses are involved? On the whole, no special clothing or equipment is needed, old slacks or shorts, sweaters, etc., can be worn, but it may be essential to have (plastic) oilskins; a good suit of these can be bought for under £5, and special non-slip rubber-soled shoes are 30s. a pair. For the sake of safety one should add a buoyant waistcoat, for about 36s.—so all the personal needs will cost less than £10.

The next important question is where to sail. One should choose the nearest water, and a club where the particular class is raced. The Royal Yachting Association, in their handbook, publish a list of all the sailing clubs in the British Isles, a list of the various classes and the clubs which regularly race them, and another, geographical list (by counties) of the clubs and the classes they race. So the choice is not too difficult; subscriptions of clubs vary between £2 and £5—according to the amenities and the cost of the outgoings. Cost of maintenance is almost negligible, a dinghy can be housed in the garage or under cover in the garden or back-yard. The annual fitting-out is usually done by the owners in the off-season.

I chose the Enterprise dinghy for illustrating the economics. One of the cheapest of dinghies which can be raced, it is also suitable for pottering and gentle family sailing, and it had a national newspaper publicising it, so its rapid success is not altogether surprising. But it is only one of many classes of greatly varied capabilities and corresponding cost; in fact, there are more classes in use in Britain than perhaps in any other country in the world. Most of the other classes are what one might call racing machines, but even some of these are not much more expensive. Another National class, the Firefly, a 12-ft. one-design based on a hot-moulded hull designed by Uffa Fox and made by Fairey Marine Ltd., has nearly 2,500 boats registered, although it has taken longer to reach that figure.

The current price of a complete, finished boat is £145, or a shell (the hull) and kit of other parts can be bought for £40 less, and sails cost £26 12s. Those who complete the boat themselves from a shell and parts supplied have to work pretty hard for their £40 saved; in fact it is advisable not only to be a good carpenter, but also to know something about boats. This limitation does not apply to the same extent to boats of hard-chine construction, which are much easier to assemble. Of the latter kind, several other Jack Holt designs have reached great popularity. The 14-ft. "G.P.14," originally designed as a general-purpose craft, is now raced by over 130 clubs, with registered sail numbers in excess of 3,000. £150 will buy a complete boat with sails; or £100 a kit of all the parts, with a relatively easy method of construction.

BOATS FOR THE YOUNG: Competitors wheel their "Yachting World" International Cadet dinghies down the ramp at Burnham-on-Crouch, Essex. They are about to take part in the race for the Vice-President's Trophy during the annual Cadet championship week. Some competitors are wearing inflatable life-jackets as a safety precaution.

SAILING OFF THE COAST IN A GOOD BREEZE: National Merlin Rockets, distinguished by the conical sign on the sail, are 14 ft. long. They are much cheaper than the 14-ft. Internationals and easier to sail. They are clinker-built and there are just under 1,000 registered. On the whole a crew of two is the best number for dinghy racing.

About sixty clubs race the 11 ft. 3 in. "Heron," of which there are over 2,000 registered. This complete boat only costs £110 with sails (£70 for the kit), and even the cost of a trailer is saved, as the boat can be carried on the top of the car; in fact, its original name was the "Carlop" dinghy. The Cadet, which was given International status last year, was designed especially for young people under eighteen, and is raced by clubs all over the world. It numbers about 2,600 registrations, and costs under £100 to buy complete, or about £60 for all the parts including sails. The last three mentioned Jack Holt-designed types are sponsored by the *Yachting World*, and in common they have simple construction suitable for amateur builders, owing to their hard-chine hulls made of marine plywood.

So far I have mentioned the cheaper and simply-constructed dinghies as examples, chosen for their low cost and large numbers, but there are many other classes of more expensive construction and in some cases higher performance. Two of these are National classes, not one-designs, but so-called restricted classes, where the individual designers have a certain freedom within strict limitations set down in the class rules.

The National 12-ft. class was sponsored by the R.Y.A. before the war to provide a racing dinghy, cheaper than the International 14-footer, which, as now, was then one of the aristocrats of the racing dinghy classes. (There are about 700 of the 14-footers registered, and they may cost over £400 to build.) Until recently there was a price limit in the rules of the 12-ft. National, but it is still a principle of the class to discourage anything making a boat's success dependent on high cost. The present price is about £175

SOUTHAMPTON WATER: Designed by Jack Holt, the National Enterprise dinghy is just over 13 ft. long. It can carry two adults and two children and is suitable both for family sailing and for racing. Two kinds of sail plan are available, one for the beginner or for cruising purposes and the other for racing.

SAILS ASHORE: Dinghies throng the parking quay at Plymouth, in Devon, as competitors prepare for the first race in the National Firefly championships. There was a record entry of 227 boats for the championships this year. The National Firefly dinghy is a 12-ft. one-design based on a hot-moulded hull designed by Uffa Fox.

DIFFERENT PARTS OF BRITAIN: *Left*—The Swordfish is one of the more expensive and therefore less popular National classes of racing dinghies. There are about 200 registrations of this class. *Right*—Following close behind one another, 18-ft. Nationals manœuvre as they round a buoy at the opening of a race during the Torbay Regatta.

thout sails, and there are over 1,700 boats registered. here are just under 1,000 Merlin Rockets, the other ational class I have referred to, a 14-footer, much cheaper an the International.

There are many other classes of racing dinghies, one andbook lists ninety-four, some of these are International es, including the more expensive racing machines, such International 14-footers, 505's, Flying Dutchmen, and e rest; the more expensive, and therefore less popular, t nevertheless firmly-established National classes; ordfish, 18-footers, and Redwings, these three with gistrations around the 200 mark each, and a large mber of classes which either have not yet reached great pularity, or, having been designed to suit certain nditions, are only raced in certain localities.

It can be seen from the foregoing that, while the more pensive and traditionally constructed boats continue to ive, the great advance is being made in the cheap, ily-constructed types. Although many old-established d highly-skilled boat-building craftsmen continue to nstruct high-class products, a new type of boat-maker s arrived—usually an extension of the activities of rniture and other woodwork manufacturers—who have ken up the building and manufacturing of parts for the eaper, hard-chine boats capable of mass sales.

Another result of this unprecedented growth of dinghy sailing is the use of water wherever it is found. No longer is sailing confined to the sea, the rivers and natural lakes but, under the pressure from new-born enthusiasts, many reservoirs and gravel-pits are used for club racing and so dinghy-racing clubs are able to flourish often hundreds of miles from natural water. As a rule, authorities of drinking-water reservoirs are reluctant to permit sailing on their water; they prefer to stock it with fish, and gain a revenue from fishermen. There are notable exceptions, however. One is the Pitsford Reservoir, near Northampton, which provides 600 acres of deep-water sailing. A course can be set with a four-mile lap round the buoys.

It is hoped that many other authorities will follow this example, providing sport for large numbers where most needed, and helping to avoid a serious shortage of sailing water which is bound to arise. In many places it is already necessary to limit the number of boats and entry of new members to the clubs and waiting lists have been started. This is happening on some parts of the Thames, where congestion is becoming a serious problem. Th Upper Thames Sailing Club, whose reach at Bourne End is one of the best for sailing on the river, has been forced to start a waiting list both for members and boats. Generally speaking, however, those who want to take up dinghy sailing can still find suitable water within their reach.

12-FT. NATIONALS: In a stiff breeze, a group of dinghies sail across Falmouth Harbour, in Cornwall. The 12-ft. National now costs about £175 without sails.

REPAIRS AT LICHFIELD

Urgent Restoration Work in Progress at the Cathedral

Three years ago the Dean of Lichfield, the Very Rev. W. S. Macpherson, with the support of the Bishop, Dr. Reeve, launched a restoration fund for the repair of the Cathedral. At that time he addressed a meeting of civic dignitaries; industrialists from all parts of the Staffordshire diocese and local trade union officials, and told them of the serious decay in the nave, the choir, the Lady Chapel and the transepts. This grievous state had arisen for many different reasons. Lichfield Cathedral stands on higher ground than any other cathedral in England and consequently faces relentless action by the weather and the polluted atmosphere of the industrial zone of the Midlands. In addition, the timbers had been ravaged by the death-watch and furniture beetles. Although there was no suggestion that the building was unsafe, the whole roof might have collapsed unless it received immediate attention. Consequently, the Dean set his target in 1956 for £200,000. So far more than £140,000 has been raised and the work of restoring the fabric is going ahead.

Lichfield Cathedral is the only cathedral in England with three spires. Two dominate the west front and the third one rises from above the crossing towards the east end. The Cathedral, in its present form, was probably begun at the close of the twelfth century and erected on the site of earlier churches. But very little is known of the first Saxon church as most of the Cathedral's archives and documents were destroyed during the Civil War. At that time, too, the Cathedral itself also sustained much damage. In the subsequent rebuilding the centre spire is said to have been reconstructed by Sir Christopher Wren. Lichfield was first made the seat of a bishopric during the seventh century.

LOOKING ALONG THE ROOF OF LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL: The picture, taken from the west end, shows the roof of the nave with the Lady Chapel at the far end. In the roof, new windows have been installed to admit more light to the woodwork in an attempt to discourage the death-watch beetle. In recent years an appeal has been launched to save the twelfth-century Cathedral from grievous decay caused by the weather, the polluted atmosphere and the beetles. Other extensive repairs on the Cathedral were carried out after the Civil War and during the last century. The reservoir in the background supplies some water to the Birmingham area. *On left*—Inside the choir roof a foreman joiner inspects a newly-installed kingpost.

INSIDE THE ROOF: A joiner is using an adze to remove infected wood from an intermediate rafter in the south transept. The original woodwork is of such massive proportions that in many cases the infected portions can be cut away without reducing the roof support.

On right—

THE THREE SPIRES OF LICHFIELD: Work is in progress on the tip of the north-west spire at the west front. There are niches for 113 statues on the west front but most are now filled with modern figures. Only five of the original figures remain. The west front was completed early in the fourteenth century. Lichfield's centre spire was rebuilt after severe damage during the Civil War.

THE TWIN SPIRES OVER THE WEST FRONT: Between the spires is the roof of the nave. At the far end, the cross surmounts the ridge of a previous roof which was higher than the present one. The original building of the present Cathedral took about 125 years. It is of reddish sandstone.

NEW JOBS FOR ULSTERMEN TO DO

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

CYRIL LORD, who is one of Lancashire's most pugnacious and least hidebound textile manufacturers, first began making carpets in Ulster in September 1957; early this summer it was announced that he will almost double his production there. Among the things that made him choose Donaghadee, in County Down, were a factory of 80,700 sq. ft. built in advance to his requirements by the Government of Northern Ireland, and annual grants of 25 per cent. towards his capital expenditure on installing his machinery there. His new extension of output will be in the Carnmoney factory estate on the north shore of Belfast Lough. Once again he is going into a Government-built factory, nearly as big as the first; and this time, because the fiscal incentives to investment given by both the British and the Ulster Governments have increased in the meantime, his expenditure on plant and machinery will benefit by a tax allowance of 20 per cent. from Whitehall and an outright grant of no less than 33⅓ per cent. from Belfast.

It is not easy to conceive of much greater blandishments to the businessman than that. Some years ago, in the United States, a manufacturer of air-conditioning equipment who was intending to set up a new plant in the South told me that he needed to keep his intention secret as long as he could while his staff looked over possible sites. Towns in the United States are so anxious to attract substantial industry to increase employment and buying power to benefit local traders that the moment his intention was known, he would be deluged with offers of cheap sites, cheap services, and planning assistants from "eager-beaver" municipalities. At the time the idea was a novel one to an Englishman; development area policy from the central Government was as near as we came to it. But since the war Scotland, in particular, has been redoubling its efforts to attract industry as a positive policy. Ulster has begun wooing the businessman with really effective publicity a little more recently; but its regional Government is able to offer special financial assistance on a considerably more munificent scale.

Since the war the Government in Belfast has built or purchased eighty-seven factories and extensions covering over 4,500,000 sq. ft., and thirty-eight more, totalling 250,000 sq. ft., are in hand. About 130 new firms have settled in Northern Ireland, employing perhaps 36,000 people to-day, but expecting this to rise by another 10,000. Since Ulster enlisted the help of a committee of influential businessmen led by Lord Chandos, the names arriving have begun to read like a directory of "Top People" in British business—with a strong lacing of America's industrial "social register." Imperial Chemical Industries has purchased options on 200 acres near Carrickfergus, in County Antrim, as a site for the next "Terylene" spinning plant, implementing a decision last year that future development of spinning this synthetic fibre shall be located in Ulster. Shell-Mex and B.P. has agreed to construct a refinery there, probably at Londonderry. Fisons is transferring the manufacture of "Sanatogen" to its plant at Coleraine. Associated Electrical Industries is building turbines at Larne; Gallaher has recently completed a tobacco factory at Lisnafillan. Famous transatlantic names include DuPont and Chemstrand, which has built a plant to produce its new synthetic fibre Acrilan at Coleraine.

This determined courting of industry from across the sea or the Irish Channel (which has received some discreet assistance from Britain's Board of Trade) has been aimed mainly at diversifying the industrial base of the Six Counties, and at reducing their "hard core" of unemployment. This core is not very big in absolute numbers: to-day only about 37,000, no more than the total number by which unemployed in Great Britain may go up or down in a month. But to-day it represents just on 7·7 per cent. of Ulster's total number of employees, compared with the average of 1·8 per cent. for the whole of Britain; last winter, when our unemployment rate rose towards, but never quite reached, 3 per cent., the rate in Ulster was nearly 10 per cent. No development area on the British mainland comes near this; the highest, Scotland, is to-day less than 5 per cent.

Nor are the Government of Northern Ireland's policies directed simply at improving the immediate situation. Ulster is reckoning on an increase of some 10 per cent. in population over the next twenty-five years—in proud but still somewhat anxious contrast to Eire, to the south of it, where the trend seems likely to be a decline. And its traditional industries of shipbuilding and linen, while both still large employers, do not offer great hopes of growth. The whole emphasis of recent years has been upon finding new things for Ulster men and women to do—though the Government has also been ready to offer Harland and Wolff, for example, financial assistance in bidding for the opportunity to construct one of the new Cunarders.

Coldbloodedly, one has to admit that it needs financial incentives to attract new industry to Ulster. There are basic disadvantages and elements of extra cost inherent in its very geographical situation, about 40 miles from the west of Scotland and 150 miles from the ports of Britain's north-west coast. Practically all the materials it uses in manufacture and the goods it makes from them have to be shipped in and out across the Irish Sea; it has almost no indigenous industrial materials, and its population of less than a million-and-a-half people offers no very substantial home market to the manufacturer setting up there. Shipment adds little to the cost of linen, and once a ship is built its owner can sail it away. New industry settling in Northern Ireland really needs to have something of the same advantages for economical exporting as those two basic industries.

Some of the cost penalties of distance from sources of basic industrial materials are in any case offset by the Government. It offers industry a subsidy of roughly a pound a ton to make coal competitive with the prices paid in England; Harland and Wolff, again, gets shipbuilding steel at rates similar to those its competitors enjoy on the Clyde and the Tyne. The prices of electricity and gas also are held down for industry.

During the post-war boom and shortage of labour in Britain, Ulster could set off against its disadvantages, as an industrial location, its relatively ample supply of labour. So far as wage rates go, that labour would not admit that it was significantly cheaper than fellow-workers in Britain; nevertheless, Ulster has always had less of the special bonuses and "fringe payments" that industrialists on the mainland had to offer; its average annual earnings have been markedly lower, and not entirely because its working population has a higher proportion of women and young people. Cheap or not, the labour was there; it was often "green," or quite unused to industry, but for some processes where new production techniques would require re-training of workers anyway, that very inexperience and lack of old set ways of working can be an advantage. This labour is hardly available at any one place in very large numbers; the communities are not very big, and though over the years the growth in rural population may swell the numbers leaving the land for industry, relatively valuable output per worker, as well as a high proportion of export, are at present advisable for companies taking factories in Ulster.

There will always be critics from outside to suggest that the best use of Ulstermen can be made outside Ulster; that these workers should leave to find the work where it is economically more viable, on the mainland. Equally permanently, the loyal Ulsterman will have none of this; for political and religious as well as economic reasons, the idea of a depopulated Northern Ireland fills him with dismay. It will take lengthy financial assistance, and perhaps some enduring extra cost upon the British economy as a whole, to maintain the stronghold of self-determination for Protestants in Ireland. But there is little doubt that the means will be forthcoming.

GROWING INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT IN NORTHERN IRELAND: On the Castlereagh Factory Estate near Belfast, the production area of the ten firms (excluding the two factories in the foreground) had grown by last year from 800,000 square feet to 1,300,000. (1) is the factory of the British Tabulating Machine Co. and (1a) the extension factory of the same company. An American company from Texas, Hughes Tool Company, is (2); Behr-Manning (3); Lines Bros. (who tripled the size of their factory) (4); the precision engineering division of Short Bros. and Harland (5); the research block of the same firm (6); Fox's Glacier Mints (7); Mission Manufacturing (from Houston, Texas) (8); Pitmans Universities Press (9); B.V.C. Industries (10); Doagh Flax Spinning (11); Lord Roberts Workshops for disabled ex-Servicemen (12); W. D. and H. O. Wills tobacco depot (13); and Cantrell and Cochrane (14). Surrounding the factory estate are various new housing areas (15).

(*Further pictures on following pages*)

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT IN NORTHERN IRELAND : A new factory for Gallaher Limited at Lisnafillan was built with the assistance of the Government of Northern Ireland. It is claimed to be one of the most modern tobacco factories in design and equipment. The new building was erected alongside the existing factory and bonded warehouses on the River Maine, near Ballymena, in County Antrim. Prestressed concrete beams give uninterrupted floor space.

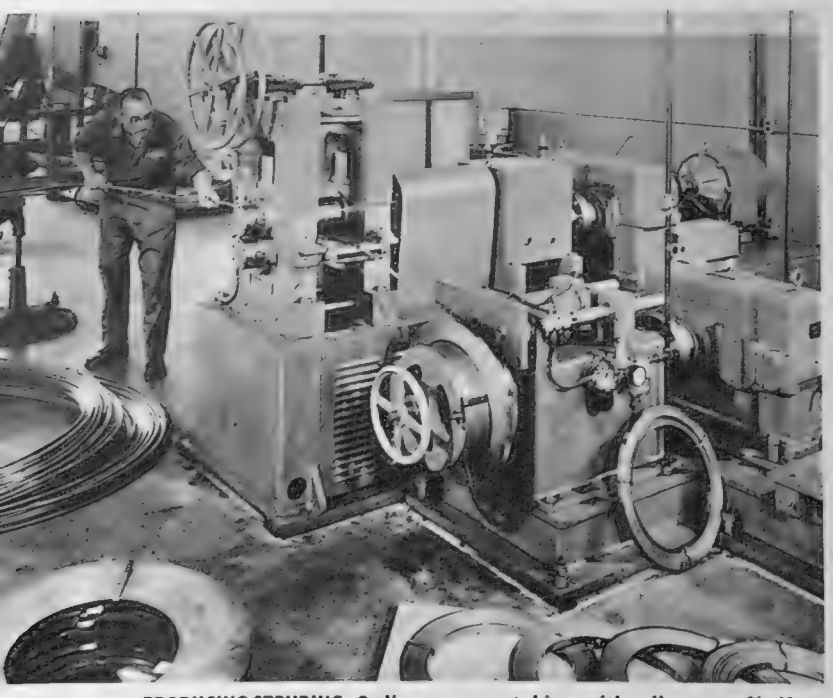
TRANSPORT TO AND FROM ULSTER: Specially-constructed co-tainers are handled on the quayside at Larne. Ship of Anglo-Continental Container Services Ltd. operat between Preston, in Lancashire, and Larne and Belfas

On right—

MILFORD HAVEN TANKER TERMINAL

Milford Haven, in Pembrokeshire, is regarded as the finest natural harbour in England and Wales. At present a huge development plan is being carried out there. One of the projects is the building of Britain's second super-tanker terminal by the British Petroleum Company. (The first was opened recently at Finnart, Loch Long.) The skeletons of the jetty and bunker storage tanks are beginning to take shape. Work was begun at the end of 1957 and it is expected that tankers will be using the terminal by July next year. There will be two berths, each capable of accommodating a 100,000-ton tanker. Dredging will give a minimum draught of 54 ft.

Crude oil will be pumped from the ships to new large-capacity storage tanks being built at Kilpaison Farm, 1½ miles away. A 60-mile pipeline connects these storage tanks with B.P.'s Llandarcy refinery, near Swansea. The capacity of this pipeline will be about 5,000,000 tons of crude oil a year. The B.P. project at Milford Haven, where some 1,300 men are employed, will cost about £6,500,000.



PRODUCING STRUBING: Ordinary copper tubing, with a diameter of half-an-inch, is fed into the rolling mill. The mill flattens and elongates it. The final product from 800 ft. of tubing is 3,000 ft. of strubing.

THE FIRST STEP: Into the mill goes a thick tube. The flat strubing, when inflated, gives a tube with the same diameter as before but thinner walls.

THROUGH THE MILL: The flattened metal tube co out of the other end of the mill. Str economises in space in transport and sto

EW EXTENSION TO A FACTORY : Lenses are manufactured in the 30,000-ft. extension of the plant of the U.K. Optical Bausch and Lomb Company. The extension has made the plant the largest and most modern spectacle lens and frame factory in the United Kingdom. The Company leased a Government-built factory in Lurgan, County Armagh, in 1946.

AN UP-TO-DATE CHEMICAL TEXTILE PLANT: Chemstrand's new Acrilan plant at Coleraine, in Northern Ireland, is seen from the air. The American firm recently completed this plant to manufacture their synthetic fibre. I.C.I. has purchased options on 200 acres near Carrickfergus, in Antrim, as a site for their next Terylene spinning plant.

left—

INFLATABLE METAL TUBES IN AMERICA

The Wolverine Tube Division of Calumet and Hecla, Incorporated, Allen Park, Michigan, are to start producing this autumn thin-walled metal tubing that can shipped in ribbon form and inflated before use. The product has been called strubing p tubing). Its manufacture is simple. The first process is the making of conven- nal tubing by normal methods. In the second process this tubing passes through a cial rolling mill which elongates and flattens it. This product is the strubing. It hen rolled into coils and shipped to the customer. Before use the strubing is inflated; resulting tube will have the same diameter as the original tube but will have much ner walls and be considerably longer. Giving important economies in storage and nsport costs; according to the makers, strubing can be used in several ways. Among e are piping for field irrigation, sheathing for power lines and communication bles, corrosion-resisting piping in the chemical industry and as packaging material.

Above—

THE 1959 RADIO SHOW AT EARLS COURT

At the Radio Show at Earls Court, in London, the long lines of stands are gaily decorated. This year's exhibition of various types of television sets, radios, and recording equipment closes to-day, Saturday, September 5. Most of the television sets this year are thinner from back to front; a Philco model, the Telerama, contains a 21-in. screen in a kind of picture frame, which can be hung in a corner or placed on a stand. Two screen sizes—17-in. and 21-in.—have become predominant. The vogue of slim sets is partly due to the arrival of the 110-degree cathode ray tube, the 110 degrees referring to the angle through which the electron beam in the tube swings as it paints the picture on the inside of the tube base. Most of the sets are cheaper. Portable wireless sets incorporate minute transistors, replacing conventional valves, allowing the size of sets to be reduced and economising in batteries. Amplion, Bush, Decca, Dynatron, Emerson, Ferguson, Pye and Philips are firms offering transistor sets.

AN AUGSBURG ANNIVERSARY

The Quincentenary of the Birth of a Famous Son of the Bavarian City

THE present year is a highly important one in the history of "Golden Augsburg," in Bavaria, for it was here on March 6, 1459, that the great banker Jakob Fugger was born. He rose to be the most famous merchant Prince in Europe. With his brothers he richly endowed his native city and founded in 1519 the Fuggerei. This social settlement for indigent citizens survives to-day and may well be unique of its kind.

This summer, Augsburg is paying tribute to the memory of Jakob and his two brothers, Ulrich and Georg, by giving a special series of concerts in the charming rococo Schaezler Palace and plays and operas in the open-air theatre, which has a lovely setting near the medieval Red Tower on the city walls. The Fugger Festival ends on September 23.

The three graces of Augsburg were once its streets, the beauty of its fountains and its courtyards. To-day the citizens of Augsburg still enjoy nothing more than to look up the splendid Maximilianstrasse as dusk falls, and see the immense shape of the Imperial church of St. Ulrich outlined in all its magnificence by the soft light of floodlights. St. Ulrich, a masterpiece of late Gothic, was founded by Maximilian I in 1500. Among its treasures are the tomb of Jakob Fugger and the Holbein altar by Hans Holbein the Elder.

From the hill on which it begins, the Maximilianstrasse, which is among the finest Renaissance streets in Europe, sweeps down to the superb façade of the Town Hall and the thousand-year-old cathedral. Along its length are Renaissance palaces and graceful fountains playing softly into their highly decorative basins. Everything about the Maximilianstrasse is extremely dignified and the citizens on their evening walk never seem to be in any hurry. Augsburg is the birthplace of Mozart's father, Hans Holbein the Elder, Hans Holbein the Younger and of Jakob Fugger. In later years it also witnessed the birth of the first diesel engine in 1893-97. Rudolf Diesel spent much of his working life there.

Fortunately the damage to the city during the last war, serious though it was, has been entirely repaired and there are few signs of its losses, although some of them were tragic. Beautifully restored and occupying its original position on the Maximilianstrasse is the Palace of the Fuggers with its Ladies' Court in the rear, and remains of paintings by Bourgkmair. Originally built between 1512 and 1515 by Jakob Fugger it was almost totally destroyed during the last war. From this Palace, Jakob issued his famous letter to the Emperor Charles V in 1523, which read :

> It is both known and obvious that without me Your Majesty might not have succeeded to the Crown of the Holy Roman Empire. . . . If I had refrained from the claims of the House of Austria and furthered those of France, I would have achieved much greatness and money which had been offered to me . . . and I therefore humbly request that your Imperial Majesty . . . ensures that the sum of money which I have paid out together with the interest thereon be paid without undue delay.

Charles V duly paid up, as he well knew no further funds would be forthcoming unless he did so. No banking family attained greater eminence than the Fuggers and their Palaces still exist in Rome, Venice, Warsaw, Madrid and Trentino. Their power was immense and it is no exaggeration to say that even the all-powerful Habsburgs maintained their throne thanks to the influence of the Fuggers.

The memories of the Fugger family cherished by Augsburg are worthy of the special attention they are being given this year. Perhaps the Fuggers' greatest gift to their city was the creation of the Fuggerei, a little city within a city and a model establishment of its kind. It is completely compact, with rows of uniform houses lining six streets, and possesses its own church, administrative building and fountains that are miniature replicas of those in the Maximilianstrasse. At night time four gates shut off the Fuggerei from the rest of the outside world.

Four hundred and fifty years ago Jakob Fugger ordained that poor but respectable Catholic families could live there for one Rhenish guilder, approximately 2s. 6d. To-day the rent has not been raised by one penny and the tenants' waiting list is a long one! These low rents have largely been made possible by the vast forests still owned by the Fuggerei which bring in a large income every year, all due to Jakob Fugger's wise investments. In 1642 Merian, a citizen of Augsburg, described the Fuggerei as follows, "In all two hundred and fifty houses each of two storeys, the lower one with a little court or garden and the upper one with a loft." Those living in the Fuggerei are still looked after by the present Fugger family, who take a great interest in the settlement.

In the Church of St. Anne, now Protestant, is the Chapel of the Fugger family and their vault. It was completed by Bourgkmair in 1518 and is the first important structure in German Renaissance style. Close by this church is the Palace of another celebrated Augsburg banking family, the Welsers. Between them, the Fuggers and the Welsers, literally controlled Europe and hardly a monarch, except our own canny Queen Elizabeth I, seems to have kept out of their debt.

This year's festivities in honour of the Fuggers include concerts of chamber music by Mozart and other German and Austrian composers in the Schaezler Palace. No more beautiful setting for such occasions can be imagined than the exquisitely-proportioned Rococo Saal of this palace. It is lit at night by hundreds of candles glittering in resplendent chandeliers Near the Red Tower, built in 1546, which forms part of the city walls, is Augsburg's open-air theatre seating over 2,500 people. It is crowded every night with an audience that appreciates good music and fine plays.

All his life Fugger loved this noble city on the River Lech, but no more than did his Royal patron, the Emperor Maximilian, who, when he saw it for the last time, said, as he made the sign of the Cross in the direction of the city : "May God bless you dear Augsburg and all your pious citizens. We have had much pleasure in you but now we shall never see you again."

John Steel

RENT—2S. 6D. A YEAR: The Fuggerei, in Augsburg, is a unique social settlement established four-and-a-half centuries ago by the merchant banker, Jakob Fugger. Inhabitants, who are indigent Roman Catholics, still pay the same annual rent as the original inmates—the equivalent of 2s. 6d.

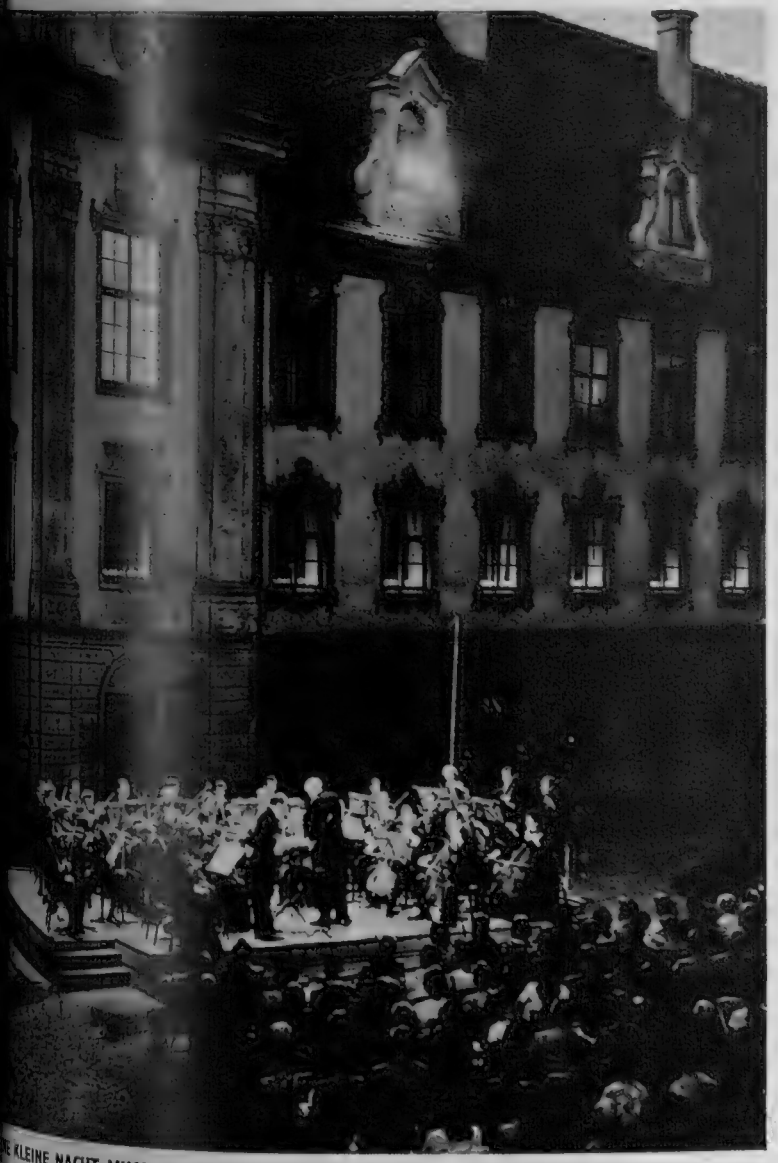
A LIVING-ROOM IN THE FUGGEREI: Much of the furniture in these houses is antique. Jakob Fugger was born in Augsburg in 1459. The city is this year marking this quincentenary.

A FOUR-POSTER: The bed under the rafters in bedroom in the Fuggerei is ornamented typical Bavarian style, as is the cupboard

LITTLE CHANGE IN FOUR CENTURIES: This kitchen furnishings which would have been fam to those first enjoying the Fugger benefac

ASTERPIECE OF LATE GOTHIC: The Church of St. Ulrich was founded by the Emperor Maximilian in 1500. It escaped damage during the war. Among its treasures is the tomb of Jakob Fugger and an altar by Holbein the Elder, another native of Augsburg.

PANORAMA OF AUGSBURG: Towards the foreground is the Moritzkirche. In the background on the left is the restored exterior of the Town Hall. The interior was gutted during the last war and is not repaired. To the right of it is the Perlachsturm watch tower.



E KLEINE NACHT MUSIK: A Mozart serenade is played by the Camerata Academica des Salzburger Mozarteums in the Maximilianstrasse. Mozart's father was born in Augsburg. His famous son's music is being heard during the Fugger Festival.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE PAST: Children play in a street in the old quarter of Augsburg. The city at the confluence of two rivers was founded by the Romans. In the Middle Ages it was a Free Imperial City and enjoyed very great prosperity from its trade.

The World of Books

ACCENT ON YOUTH

Young Men and Women are the Theme of Some New Novels; Other Fiction Includes Stories Set in Elba and on an Island in the Indian Ocean

IT is axiomatic that the humorous novel requires from its author more hours of concentrated solemnity and brain-searching than any treatise on *Jung and Some Aspects of the Lakeland Poets in Relation to the Concept of Mind in Modern Psychopathology*. But, says your reviewer, drawing a deep breath, it is pleasant to speculate that Mr. Robert Kee had a good time during the writing of BROADSTROP IN SEASON (Secker and Warburg. 18s.). For this, in so far as it is a novel at all and not a wittily decorated account of a short summer in a young man's life, is a very amusing novel indeed. Mr. Kee has great comic invention and an equally great exuberance, both of which carry him along at a great rate through his descriptions of London in the season and his likeable, human, never quite pathetic hero being washed along in the surf of that season.

For this Broadstrop, of whom we have heard before, is a man without fixed objectives, unless the avoidance of regular employment be one, and he is fair game for the machinations of the endlessly ingenious young foreigner who turns up mysteriously in his Soho lodging and proceeds to take charge of Broadstrop's life. Our hero, and Mr. Kee's, admires his new friend, is delighted by his apparently facile contrivances and perfectly content to be swept into such hitherto unimagined situations as are provided by country house visits and nightly débutante dances. The fact that his new friend is a secret agent quite escapes him, though there are some puzzling moments, and even in the last violent moments of the *dénouement* Broadstrop remains the perfect innocent; silly and fond in the old connotations of the word. As I have said, this may not be a novel in the full and accepted terms of the word but it *is* entertainment and it does contain some pages of splendidly fresh and exciting writing.

THE LOPSIDER (Gollancz. 16s.), in its bright and rather broader way, has its very funny moments, too. Mr. Leopold Louth has written about a young man who claims for himself the title (or label, or indictment) of being a Lopsider, a breed of creature undecided in himself and creating much uncertainty in others. As he explains it: "The Insider, you see, sticks safely to the pavement—the nearer to the protecting wall, the better. He takes no chances. The Outsider disdains the pavements and goes where his free and superior spirit takes him. His eyes are fixed on a vision. . . . The Lopsider has one foot on the pavement and one in the gutter. He looks as though one leg 's shorter than the other. He can't make up his mind which he is, you see. He 's neither one thing nor the other and walks lopsided. Most of the so-called Outsiders are really Lopsiders, if you look carefully."

Whatever they are, Mr. Louth's saga of the decline and resurgence of one of them is often hilariously funny. His book is alternately pert and penetrating and the wit, or, more exactly, the sense of true comedy, very rarely flags. Mr. Louth's writing recalls neither Wodehouse nor Amis. It is in his own style and has its own kind of vitality. I particularly enjoyed the excursions into domestic or schoolroom life and the relations between a half-brother and sister—"When she was eleven, he had soaped her violin-bow before her solo at a school concert. When she was twelve he had found and read her first poems—*Poems of Abbnegation*, they were called—and pencilled side-whiskers on her photograph of T. S. Eliot, whom she loved. . . ." There is no doubt about the talent of Mr. Louth and I like to think that there is no doubt about the success he will have with this book.

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS (Macgibbon and Kee. 15s.) is another novel by and about but not exclusively for the young. Mr. Colin MacInnes already has three novels to his credit and his last one, *City of Spades*, showed considerable maturity, but he is still a relatively new and certainly a fresh writer and he has a decade or two to go before he achieves the middle-aged outlook. His new novel is mainly written in the language of jazz which, as his first-person hero might say, some of the cats may not dig. But, again in this new and lively language, I found it undisplеasing and made the discovery that, where the two books above have humour, this one has heart. An odd place to find it, perhaps, but there is not the slightest doubt that Mr. MacInnes has the true crusading spirit, that he is not afraid of expressing tenderness and that he has a genuine love (and a well-concealed pride) in what England at its best can produce. *Absolute Beginners* deals with a lot of problems beyond the familiar juke-box set and deals with them honestly and compassionately, whether it is the question of race riots in London or the inarticulate love in a very ordinary family circle.

Mr. Edgar Mittelholzer might be said to have won a Blue for exuberance. Indeed he sometimes writes as if the words were falling over themselves on to the paper, and his new novel, A TINKLING IN THE TWILIGHT (Secker and Warburg. 18s.), is yet another example of his literary manner at its most lavish. This, in spite of the fact that his plot is concerned with a timid, highly introspective bookseller somewhere in Paddington and with that retiring soul's forays into the realms of Yoga and extra-sensory perception. As a matter of fact, the comparative lack of violence in this latest of his stories suits Mr. Mittelholzer's talent surprisingly well, as if the deliberate quietness of its framework held his boisterous invention in check and obliged it to follow more classic lines. He is still capable, of course, of writing such sentences as: "It was a fairy-light, a goblin-eye glimmer, the spark in the heat of a beating heart, a floating full-stop of phantom phosphorus," but these squib-like fireworks come more rarely and the story itself is strongly enough built to support them.

Travel according to the precepts and novels of Miss Oriel Malet is travel *de luxe*, although this writer's characters live in no world of Grand Hotels or European expresses, speedboats or casinos. On the contrary, their needs are deceptively simple, being only those of the romantic sun-and-beauty worshipper, and requiring for satisfaction only the wild loveliness of such a spot as Elba, for lodging only a splendid and well-staffed house and for further distraction only brilliant, kindly men and beautiful, unconventional women. Anyway, that is how it is with THE HORSES OF THE SUN (Gollancz. 16s.), which gives as realistic a picture of life as a golden, Claude Lorrain sunset and is all the more entertaining for that. If this is what the island of Elba is really like, however, my holiday plans for next summer are going to be drastically revised.

Elizabeth Ashe, an author's pseudonym, has written about an imaginary locality in a region she knows well and although the Zawadi of her story may have no counterpart in real life, the Indian Ocean setting and the community described are sketched with a real authority. ONE MAN'S ISLAND (Longmans. 15s.) is, however, primarily a novel of character and personality. The principal figure is an Englishman whose failure in marriage and in what he regards as the rat race of existence in Europe, have both stunned and bewildered him so that he has turned his back on his past life and come to regard Zawadi as a

HISTORY RECALLED ON THE THAMES IN LONDON: Sir Christopher Wren (standing in boat in foreground) and his friends are rowed to Bankside. Each year the Kensington Antique Dealers' Association stages a pageant in a historic setting to mark the opening of the Antique Dealers' Fair in Kensington Town Hall. Last week Mr. Gordon Hand, the Association's Chairman, dressed as Wren, and a party of friends attired in period costume, examined St. Paul's from the water. They then went ashore and, meeting ladies in seventeenth-century dress, took refreshment in a riverside

heaven of peace and uncomplicated friendship. He wrong, as it turns out, and Elizabeth Ashe has devo her book to explaining just how nearly complete is misapprehension and how closely it brings him to disas Good, sensitive writing and the local scenes, actions philosophies perceptively touched in.

THE ASS'S MOUTH (Cassell. 15s.) is not the euphonious of titles but, like many such, it has its justi tion in an abstruse source, in this case an eighteen century *Gnomologia*. Mr. John Goldthorpe's nov concerned with a married man, his brilliant pianist their children and the unhappy, hallucinated pe through which he passes in one of his wife's absences a concert tour abroad. Then he fancies himself in suffers from a feeling of guilt induced by loyalty and religious faith, and only succeeds in an affair that is hearted from any point of view. From one point of this is a study in egocentricity; from another, the sto a sensitive creature in the toils of physical emotions primitive and forceful for him to deal with. Either it is a good deal short of the heroic standard.

The two historical romances which have come this week are admirably contrasted from the reade point of view since one demands only an interest historical fact and earnest reconstruction of those fa and the other requires only the very slightest of effor translate into the terms of the silver screen, on which fact, it has appeared with considerable and much public success. CAROLINE CHERIE (Weidenfeld and Nicol 16s.) is the latter, the highly-coloured adventure story beautiful, impetuous and well-born girl who lives thro

the terror of the French Revolution, using her ph attractions for all they are worth and even a little m Except in this physical sense, she is about as unattra a heroine as ever I saw described and I can wait perfect patience and equanimity for the sequel to M. G Saint Laurent's book. The present one has been trans from the French by Joyce Murchie.

BROTHER TO THE ENEMY (Hodder and Stoug 15s.) is Mr. Bart Spicer's reconstruction of the sto Benedict Arnold, the general in George Washing army, whose defection to the British forces, then enemy, branded him as the most notorious traitor American forces ever knew. In the war for independe Arnold was acknowledged as the one great comm in the American Army, his prestige approached only Washington's, his personal following far more devo Yet this was the man who went over to the British c who betrayed the cause for which he had fough savagely and so brilliantly and whose name, in Amer history, is most bitterly remembered. Mr. Spicer Arnold's story in terms of a huge and devoted y sergeant sent out on a mission by Washington to ca General Arnold and bring him back alive. It is a device from a literary point of view and effectively used h

Vernon F

ASPECTS OF WAR

A Subaltern's Diary and Two Battles

e complaint is often heard that World War II has as yet produced no *All Quiet* or *Goodbye ll That*. Since 1945 we have had plenty of historical airs and tactical records, but little worth-while per- l literature in the style of Remarque or Graves, gton or Sassoon. The reason for this is not ult to understand. Those who went to war in 1939 presumably read much of the literature of the ious generation and were conditioned to expect or and brutality. Many a soldier must have found lf in situations which recalled the books of 1914-18, no doubt felt that as it had all been said before was little point in trying to say it again. Yet nal experience about any war is very important, and st there is hope that this type of literature about 939-45 conflict is arriving. JOURNEY WITH A TOL (Gollancz. 16s.), by Neil McCallum, relates periences of an infantry subaltern in North Africa Sicily from July 1942 to July 1943. It is not written spectively, but consists of the diary which the kept at the time. This makes it a valuable and ng document, for Mr. McCallum possesses a rare tivity and perception.

STALINGRAD—POINT OF NO RETURN (Gol- 21s.), is a very different type of war book. The r, Ronald Seth, was given permission by the Soviet rities to go to Stalingrad and talk with the sur- rs of the decisive battle of 1942 to 1943. He set to write the story of the Russian epic achievement counter to the existing literature by Germans, which course, largely apology and sometimes even glori- ion of Hitler's Wehrmacht. The result is disappoint- Mr. Seth admits that he deliberately chose to mise certain episodes, but there are far too many es of dialogue and conversations which may or may have actually taken place. There is little for the rian here and the general reader may prefer to wait better-constructed account.

Turning to wars of long ago, Oliver Warner's AFALGAR (Batsford. 21s.) is a straightforward nt of Nelson's greatest victory and, incidentally, st great victory of the British fleet. The many trations are excellent. In describing Nelson's last s in England, Mr. Warner might have included the dent of his meeting in Whitehall with Wellington (or sley, as he then was). It was the only time they ever The story, as told years later by the Duke to r, is well worth recalling. Otherwise there are no sons.

From wars to peace. All the year round in many of the world men and women individually or in n are working under the control of the World th Organisation to eradicate the plagues and es which still afflict far too high a proportion of human race. Their activities merit widespread e, and in Murray Morgan they have found an ent propagandist. In DOCTORS TO THE RLD (Hale. 21s.) he writes of what is being done to at leprosy in Nigeria, rabies in Mexico, yellow fever anama, and many other scourges elsewhere. It is ery readable and more exciting than fiction.

EXPLORERS OF THE NEW WORLD, by erine and John Bakeless (Bell. 18s.), is a lightly- en narrative of the opening-up of the North Ameri- ontinent from the days of Columbus to the trans- ental journeys of the early nineteenth century. explorers of Canada, as well as of what eventually re the United States, have their places in this record. authors state firmly that the Norsemen discovered rica about A.D. 1000. Unfortunately, they do not de a bibliography for the reader to look further this or any other statement they make.

History of a very professional kind is ITALY, Denis Mack Smith (Mayflower Publishing Company. in the University of Michigan's *History of the ern World*. The author is a lecturer at Cambridge ersity (England) and a recognised expert on his ect. One has the impression that his history has somewhat rapidly put together. None the less, this e will deservedly become a standard and much- ed textbook.

Speeches of David Ben Gurion, Prime Minister of l, have been collected in REBIRTH AND STINY OF ISRAEL (Thomas Yoseloff, Ltd. 42s.). ing and translation from the Hebrew has been rvised by Mordekhai Nurock. The speeches were e between 1915 and 1942 when Ben Gurion was ing his energies towards the creation of Israel. book increases one's understanding of that courage- and admirable state in the Middle East.

Elephant Bill" (Colonel J. H. Williams) died a ago. So, alas, his BIG CHARLIE (Hart-Davis. 18s.) posthumous publication. The first part tells of the portation of a circus elephant from a holiday camp Scotland to a similar camp in Yorkshire. A very kable operation it was, too. The second part is construction of Big Charlie's earlier life in Southern a. As in his previous books about animals, Colonel ams is often amusing, always knowledgeable and er for a moment dull.

C. D.

NEXT WEEK'S PRODUCTION AT THE OLD VIC IN LONDON—A PICTURE FROM THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL: In Congreve's *The Double Dealer* are, from left, Careless (John Woodvine); Lady Plyant (Maggie Smith); Sir Paul Plyant (Miles Malleson); Cynthia (Judi Dench); Mr. Brisk (Alec McCowen); Lord Froth (Joss Ackland); and Lady Froth (Moyra Fraser). The Restoration comedy was presented by the Old Vic Company at the Lyceum Theatre for the first week of the Edinburgh Festival. It will come into the repertory of the Old Vic in London on Monday next (September 7), alternating with *As You Like It*. *The Double Dealer* is an early and rarely performed play by Congreve, which shows promise of the wit familiar in his later works. It is a comedy of manners in which much fun is obtained from the dotard Plyant and his domineering wife, and from the intellectual Lord and Lady Froth. The producer is Michael Benthall.

On right—

"ON THE FRINGE": Robert Bruce is played by William Lucas and the Countess of Buchan by Hannah Watt in *Heart of Bruce* at the Lauriston Hall in Edinburgh. The historical drama, by Hugh Ross Williamson, is being presented for the three weeks of the Festival, and is one of the many events outside the official programme.

PLAYS AT EDINBURGH

On left—

A WORLD PREMIERE: Death comes to the battlements of a medieval castle in a scene from *Breakspear in Gascony*, by Eric Linklater. The play had its first performance at Edinburgh's Gateway Theatre when it opened at the start of the Festival. Mr. Linklater has taken a castle in Gascony during the Hundred Years War as the setting for a drama of ideas. Soldiers discuss the old chivalry and the "new" invention of artillery. Heresy is contrasted with orthodoxy and an evil monk attempts to establish an empire by employing the "latest advances" in science. Most critics praised the acting, but some found that the play was too overloaded with ideas to make good theatre.

A REAL "PEOPLE'S CAR"

The Revolutionary B.M.C. Austin Seven and Morris Mini-Minor; New Rovers, Vauxhalls and Mercedes-Benz; Other Motoring News

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

WHEN the British Motor Corporation announced its 848-c.c. baby cars—the Austin Seven and Morris Mini-Minor (as illustrated in THE SPHERE last week and on page 177 of this issue)—economy motoring entered a vital new phase. Most motoring writers have, at one time or another, chided the Big Five on not bothering to build a real baby car. I and others have pointed out that there was a real need for such a car in Britain and that if we did not build one or more for the export markets we would sooner or later find ourselves losing a lot of business to Continental firms like Renault and Fiat.

Many noble attempts have been made by small firms in Britain to market cheap-to-run economy cars. Among them can be listed the Bond Minicar, the Unicar, the A.C. Petite and the Reliant Regal. Some of these runabouts, especially those of the three-wheeler variety, have achieved a well-deserved popularity. But what we really wanted was a fully engineered four-wheeler built in such numbers that the price could be kept down to a really attractive figure. Only the Big Five could tackle this proposition on the necessary scale, and none of them showed much interest in the possibilities of such a project until the time of the Suez Crisis. Do you remember how the small-thirst bubble cars soared in popularity when petrol was scarce? This fact did not escape the notice of the shrewd chiefs of the British Motor Corporation. It provided just the impetus needed to work out designs for a real "People's car."

When a firm like B.M.C.—fourth biggest producers of cars in the world—makes up its mind to do a thing it is not content with half measures. Mr. Alec Issigonis, brilliant designer of the Morris Minor, now chief engineer of the Corporation, was given the task of producing an economy saloon capable of seating four adults in comfort and fast enough not to hold up other traffic. His answer is the amazing little car which B.M.C. will soon be building at the rate of 3,000 a week at Longbridge and Cowley.

It does less than justice to Issigonis, his design team and to B.M.C. as a whole merely to say that the new baby is an interesting miniature car. It is a *revolutionary* new car. It marks the biggest single advance in automobile design for many years. The design has so many innovations that it has been described with some truth as a "technical break-through" in the sphere of economy motoring. So let us see what B.M.C. are offering for the remarkably low basic price of £350 (increased by tax to £496 19s. 2d.).

It is a two-door, four-seater saloon with as much room inside as the Morris Minor in spite of the fact that the overall length is only 10 ft. This is partly due to the fact that Mr. Issigonis has been daring enough to instal his 4-cylinder, water-cooled engine of 848 c.c. transversely across the front of the car. And not only that, he has combined his engine, gear-box and final drive into one compact power pack sharing a common sump. As a result, the "engine compartment" takes up only 20 per cent. of the car's total length.

The unconventional power pack drives the front wheels: a form of transmission which has many advantages, including a peculiar brand of built-in stability. There is no propeller shaft to clutter up the floor of the car. Then why, you may ask, is there a tunnel running from front to back? The answer is that it serves two purposes: it accommodates the exhaust pipe and helps to strengthen the body structure. Next to the power pack installation and the front-wheel drive, the B.M.C. baby's most interesting design feature is the independent springing of all four wheels by a patented system employing rubber instead of the usual leaf springs.

For each wheel there are two metal domes, one inside the other, with rubber bonded between. As the wheels go up and down, the rubber is compressed. These new springs give a very comfortable ride irrespective of load, for they automatically adjust themselves to the number of passengers and the weight of luggage carried. The car's wheels are small—the rims are only 10 ins. in diameter—and I expect the rate of wear on the front tyres will be higher than usual, though Dunlops claim to have developed a long-wearing cover specially for the B.M.C. baby cars.

RE-STYLED VAUXHALL VELOX AND CRESTA MODELS: Foreground is the Cresta, with the Velox behind it. Mechanically almost unchanged, the 6-cylinder Vauxhalls have strengthened body shells, particularly at the rear. Perhaps the most noticeable feature of the restyling is that the traditional Vauxhall flutes on the bonnet have disappeared.

There is a central gear-lever for the four-speed gear-box, the car has more parcel stowage space than most big cars, it does 70 miles an hour and 50 miles to the gallon. I think B.M.C. will sell hundreds of thousands of these purposeful-looking runabouts.

Big news, too, from Rovers, though of a more conservative nature. For 1960 the Solihull firm will build only three models instead of five: the Rover 80 (a 4-cylinder, 2¼-litre model selling for £1,365), the Rover 100 (6 cylinders, 2.6-litre, £1,538) and the Rover Three Litre (6 cylinders, £1,715). Like the Three Litre model, which has been with us some time, the new models will have Girling disc brakes on the front wheels as standard equipment. Both will also be fitted at no extra cost with a semi-automatic form of the Laycock de Normanville overdrive device operating on top gear only.

The 80 and 100 will continue to use the body shell made familiar by the Rover models which now go out of production: the 2-litre, 4-cylinder 60, the 2¼-litre, 6-cylinder 75 and the 2.6-litre, 6-cylinder 90 and 105. You can say that in effect the new 80 replaces the 60 and 75 and that the new 100 takes the place of the 90 and 105. It means that the cheapest Rover now costs £90 more than before, but don't forget that it has disc brakes and overdrive.

Unlike the new streamlined Rover programme, the 1960 Vauxhall range shows little change, though such alterations as have been made will be welcomed. Prices are the same for all 4- and 6-cylinder models, which means you can still get a Victor for as little as £716 10s. and that the lavishly-equipped Cresta still costs only £1,014.

The two biggest improvements to the Velox and Cresta (which share the same body shell) are the new, deeper radiator grille and the one-piece wrap-round rear window, which now dispenses with the two pillars formed by a continuation of the ribs which used to run along the roof. A larger radiator is fitted to give better cooling in really hot climates, there is more leg room for passengers in the back seat and the upholstery is more attractive. The Victor's only change is the offer of a wider range of colours.

I almost forgot to mention a small change in the 6-cylinder models which may cause a pang of sentimental regret in the hearts of some of the more mature motorists among us: the final disappearance of the traditional Vauxhall flute. Not that it was a bold feature of the styling of the 1959 models. Far from it. The flute had degenerated into a slightly tapering, concave chrome rubbing strip running right along the side of the car. You almost had to use a magnifying glass to recognise it as a very emaciated descendant of the huge indentations which first appeared on a Vauxhall bonnet more than fifty years ago.

From Stuttgart comes news of three new 2.2-litre Mercedes-Benz six-seater saloons sharing a new body shell styled more adventurously than one normally expects of these brilliantly-engineered but somewhat conservative German cars. It is the biggest step forward in body styling taken by Daimler-Benz for many years. Yet it has been discreetly done and I don't think that even the firm's most reactionary customers will complain. There is a suspicion of tail fins, the radiator grille is lower and wider, the roof is lower, a wrap-round screen and rear window are used and there is more streamlining, though the front wings still manage to preserve their own separate identity.

All three models have 6-cylinder engines of varying power output. The 220 and 220S have carburettors. The more expensive 220SE has a system of fuel injection. I notice that a road safety gimmick introduced for these new Mercs is a speedometer which uses different colours to indicate different speeds. Speeds up to 30 m.p.h. get a yellow treatment. Above 30 red is used.

A NEW MERCEDES TOURING SALOON: Having a 6-cylinder engine, the 220S has carburettors, while the more expensive but externally similar 220SE has a system of fuel injection. The new models have a sleek, modern appearance.

A quick run through the motoring news since I last wrote must include a reference to a new three-wheeler which is being offered by the Berkeley company for a penny less than £400, tax included. It uses the Excelsior two-stroke twin of 328 c.c. to drive the front wheels through an Albion gear-box with four speeds, reverse and central change-lever. A top speed of 55 m.p.h. and a petrol consumption of a gallon for 50 miles are claimed by the makers, who say it is the first sports three-wheeler since the Morgan tricar gave way to models with four wheels.

The latest car from the U.S. is a replica of the 1900 Oldsmobile which they are calling the Surrey because it has a fringe on top. The single-cylinder engine is under the bench seat, steering is by tiller and there is a semi-automatic clutch for the two-speed gear-box. The price —take a deep breath—is £971 10s.

AN ALPINE RESCUE: Two of the team carry an injured climber on a stretcher slung from their shoulders on the Mont Blanc massif. The injured man was one of two young British mountaineers who fell 1,350 ft. in a snow gully while attempting to climb the 11,550-ft. Aiguille de Blatière. They were within 400 ft. of the top when a snow cornice collapsed and they fell. Both were taken to hospital at Chamonix, where they were treated for shock, cuts and bruises; they suffered no other serious injury. The two climbers, Mr. Harry Scott, of Eccles, and Mr. Gerald Dodgson, of Leeds, were members of a British party encamped in the Vallée de Chamonix.

SIX DIE ON THE WEISBACHHORN: A rescue team on the 11,700-ft.-high mountain in the Glockner group in Austria bring down the body of a climber. Two parties had set out to climb the Weisbachhorn. One consisted of two girls and three young men from Linz and the other of two Germans. Soon after they left, the weather suddenly worsened and two Austrians went to search for them. These two failed to return and search operations were started. Aircraft, forty policemen and eight mountain rescue men took part. On the third day three—the two Austrians and one of the climbers—were found exhausted, suffering from severe frostbite and in a critical condition. Another three were found dead the same day, and the next day three more bodies were found. A severe snowstorm delayed the search-party.

MOUNTAIN AND GLACIER

Rescues and Tragedies in France and Austria; Expeditions to the Himalayas and Northern Norway

On left—

ALL-WOMEN EXPEDITION TO THE HIMALAYAS: Five members of the expedition to Cho Oyu chat together. From left are Tenzing Norkay's niece, Doma; his daughter, Pem Pem; Mrs. E. M. Healey, Mrs. D. Gravina and Miss M. Darvall, from London. The expedition to the 26,750-ft.-high peak left Katmandu in August, led by Madame Kogan, of France. The only men in the expedition are porters carrying the supplies. It is hoped that they will be able to make an attempt on the peak in early October. Cho Oyu was first climbed in 1954, in the middle of that month.

SURVEYING ARCTIC NORWAY: Three members of a British naval officers' and cadets' expedition take temperature readings near Svartisen Glacier, in northern Norway. Meteorologists with the expedition set up three stations, two on the glacier.

LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION: Lieut.-Commander M. K. Burley, leading the polar expedition of fifty-three officers and cadets, stands near Svartisen Glacier. The expedition is spending a month training on the glacier, which they are the first to explore.

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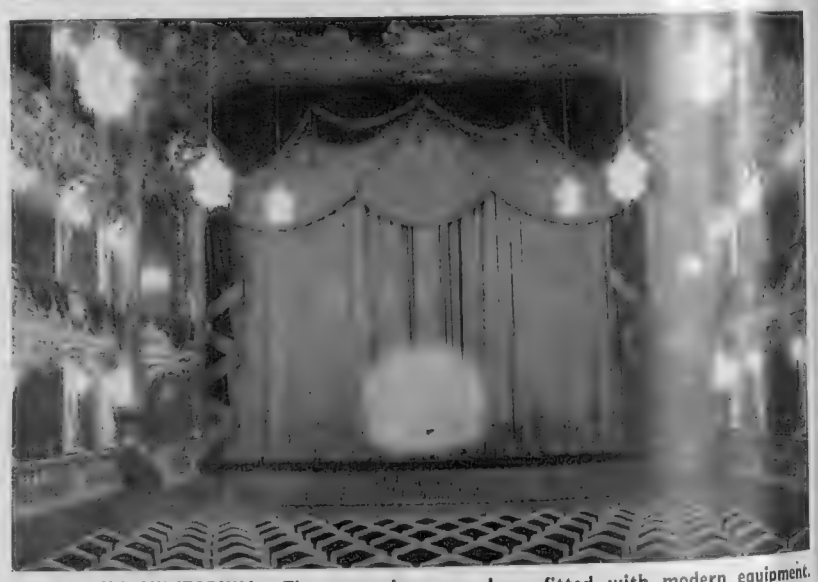
RESTORATION IN MUNICH: The Cuvilliés Theatre, in the former Royal Palace in the Bavarian capital, reopened this summer after extensive restoration. It was completely destroyed during the last war.

A Royal Munich Theatre

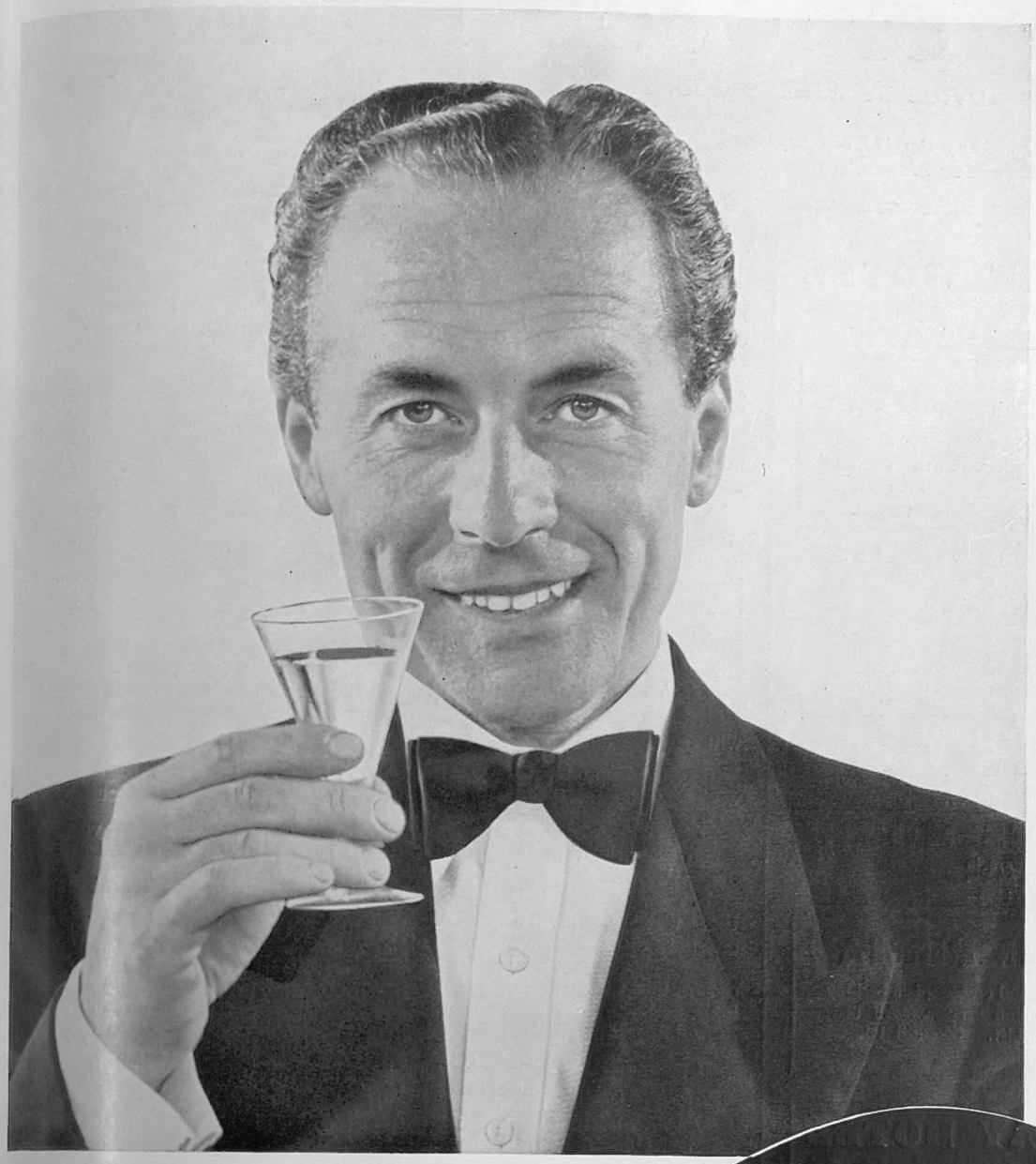
The Ornate Theatre in the Royal Palace is Open Again

The tiny ornate theatre, originally built by François Cuvilliés between 1751 and 1753, formed part of the Royal Palace, which was very severely damaged during the last war. Although the theatre itself was destroyed, the ornate decorations were saved, as they had been removed on the outbreak of the war and stored. Originally, the theatre, which has been described as an ideal setting for Mozart's operas, seated about 600 people, but in its new setting there is only space for 300. Mozart visited Munich in 1780, when he conducted "Idomeneo," which he had composed for the theatre. To-day, the small Cuvilliés Theatre is not to be confused with the city's main residenz-theater, which stands a short distance away.

On left—
THE ROYAL BOX: Much of the ornate decoration has been carefully restored after years in storage.



INSIDE THE AUDITORIUM: The stage has now been fitted with modern equipment. *Below*—The view shows the position of the Royal box. Inside the auditorium there is seating accommodation for 300 people. Originally there were just over 600 seats.



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THE SCHOOL BELL SOUNDS AGAIN. We must apologise to Smith major, Jones minor, and Brown *tertius* for a caption with such an ominous ring: though they will be the first to admit they have had the best summer hols. within their living memory. They will, too, be sporting enough to admit that if anyone deserves a holiday now it is their parents, especially their mothers. So this year, as in preceding ones, thoughtful dads will be taking exhausted mums away for a well-deserved rest, and the usual problem crops up. Where?

Here, then, are some suggestions from our autumn collection, but if we have not hit upon the particular district in which you may be interested do please write.

Wales can be very pleasant in the autumn months and a good centre is Beddgelert. In the heart of Snowdonia, it attracts climbers, walkers, fishermen and the touring motorist. In the centre of the village stands the small Tanronen Hotel, personally run by the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Griffiths. Calling in one day this summer by chance, we enjoyed an aperitif in the small bar, and then in the neat and bright dining-room sampled, among other items, Mrs. Griffiths' home-baked ham. Intrigued by the personal interest of the owners, we asked to see the bedrooms. Each appeared to us as models of their kind, with due attention to heating, lighting and mattresses. Should you decide to visit Tanronen this autumn we think you will endorse our views.

Perhaps you may have a hankering for Ireland. Once again this year we made a complete circuit of the country, and some excellent hotels we found.

For those who do not wish to go as far as the West Coast you will find much scenic charm in and around the Wicklow Mountains. Last May we discovered at the twelve-bedroom Glen View Hotel, Delgany, a standard of catering respected in Dublin plus a fine situation. Spending the night there we were offered a five-course dinner with a choice that would have done credit to an *à la carte* menu. Further, the majority of dishes were assured of freshness as they were cooked to order. This small hotel lies 18 miles south of Dublin in the Glen of the Downs. From the windows the panoramic view embraces the Dublin-Wicklow road, wooded hills, moorland and the Sugar Loaf Mountain dominating the landscape.

Full marks to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McCarthy and to their friendly staff, who gave us such efficient service.

As an alternative in the same area we were impressed with The Lodge, at Glendalough. This is not an hotel, yet is a cut above the normal conception of a guest house. Here the resident owner, Miss E. A. Given, caters, apart from a long-standing Dublin clientele, for many British, American and Commonwealth visitors who have been attracted by personal recommendation. Indeed, there is no hotel sign at the entrance gate. Glendalough is a famous Irish beauty spot and The Lodge is well situated in its own grounds with views of mountains and lake.

How about Scotland, several readers may ask. We added a good dozen to our Scottish collection of good hotels this year and one that struck us as a pleasant spot for an autumn holiday was Shieldaig Lodge Hotel at Gairloch, in Ross. Originally a hunting lodge, it is the ambition of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Strachan and Miss Bowick, the present owners, to recapture the atmosphere and provide the sport of earlier days at a reasonable all-in charge.

The hotel leases the sporting rights of Shieldaig Forest of 35,000 acres, with fourteen lochs, a short stretch of salmon river and eight boats. The house itself is in keeping with the simple comforts of the Western Highlands, with good fare, quietude and sea loch views as points of everyday importance.

Apart from fishing and shooting, Shieldaig Lodge makes a grand base for the country-lover who is content with interesting walks and climbs in a terrain so unspoilt that golden eagles, wild-cats and pine-martens are still to be found in the forest. Golf and sandy beaches can be enjoyed on the Gairloch course three miles distant.

Now we come to England. We find the choice bewildering. New discoveries in the Wye Valley, the Cotswolds, and down in Devon and Cornwall all warrant the limelight focussed on them. Some we must leave over to another week, but we will start with the Cotswolds.

Broadway needs no introduction, but how little people seem to know of Chipping Campden, but a few miles away. Here, on the sunny side of the Market Place, will be found Cotswold House Hotel, a fine Regency house which is worth visiting for the fine Adam stairway alone. We knew it first in the days of Mr. and Mrs. James Hargreaves, who now run Parkhill Hotel, Lyndhurst. After varying fortune Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Cotes have once more built up the prestige that it enjoyed when we first knew it. Furnished and run in country-house style, fresh country fare, polite local staff, sunny bedrooms, comfortable lounges, and a restful walled garden all contribute to an atmosphere that remains constant, whatever the season.

The scenery of the Wye Valley always delights our eyes and we are glad to record that The Royal Hotel at Symonds Yat has taken on a new lease of life, especially from the catering angle, now that it has come under the ownership of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Wainwright. Believing that the majority of their guests want to be out and about during the day, boating, fishing, walking, or touring, they cater on a bed-and-breakfast basis with lunch or dinner *à la carte*. And very good meals they are, too, with each dish cooked to order and properly garnished and served. Here we came across some unusual German bottled wines which wine connoisseurs are likely to nose out quickly.

Now open all the year (there is central-heating throughout) The Royal, set at the foot of the Forest of Dean, has an especial appeal in the autumn months.

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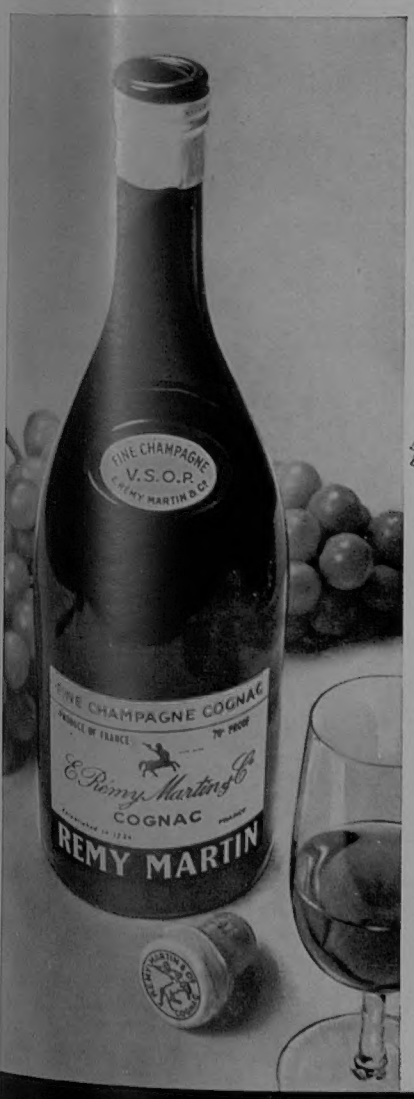

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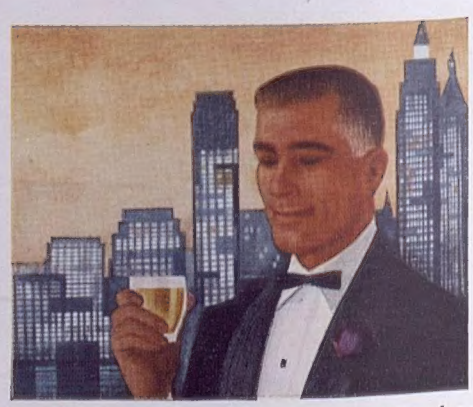

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